



No.97



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OR RIB-TICKLING HUMOR...



LOOK FOR THIS SUPERMAN D-C SYMBOL !

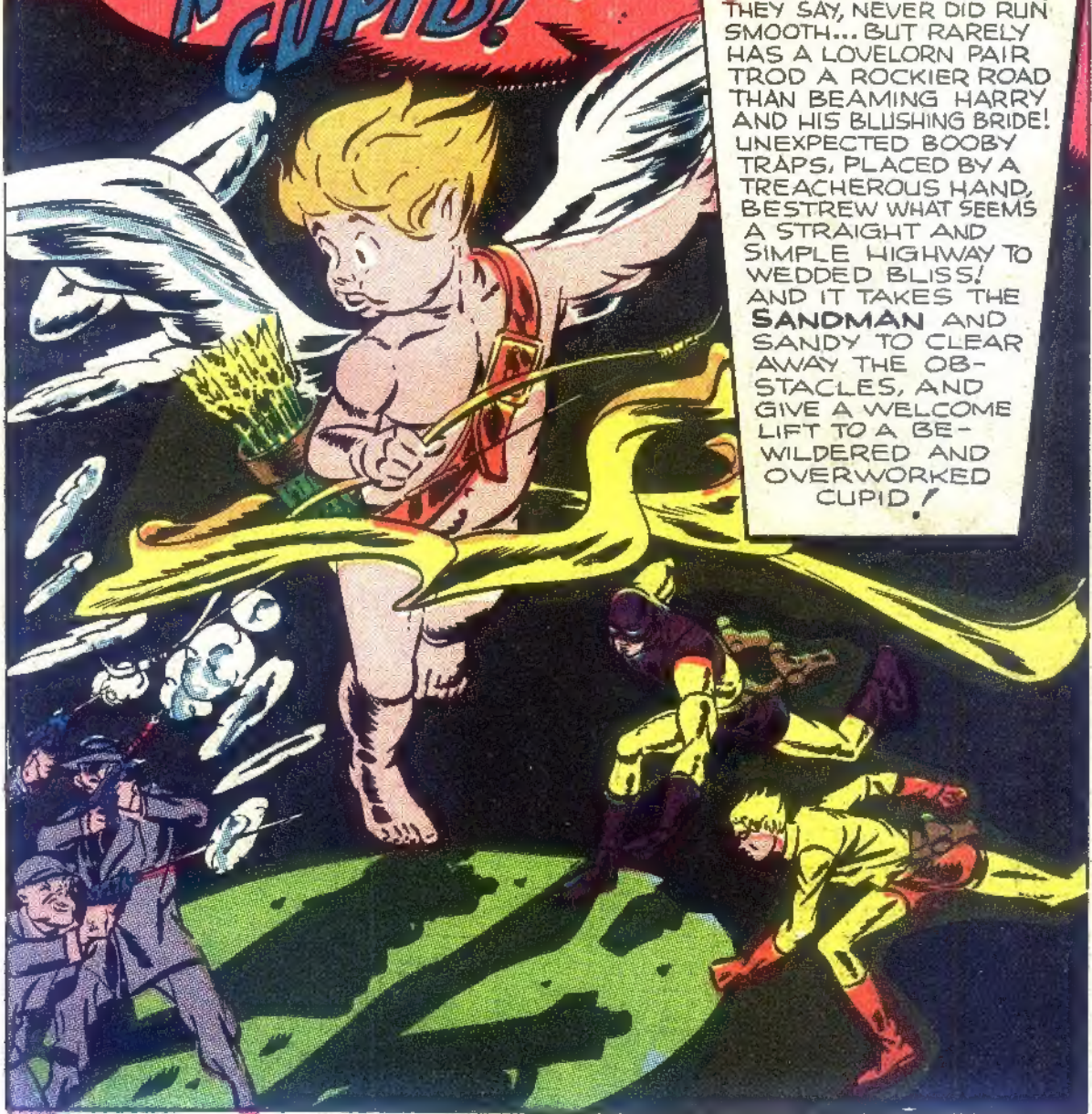


Yes, that Superman D-C Symbol appears on the cover of the very best comics published ... ranging all the way from the action-packed adventures of Superman, Batman and other thrilling heroes to the laugh-loaded humor of Buzzy, Pen-niless Palmer, Dover and Clover and other ha-ha heroes. Whichever you prefer, you'll find your favorites in the comic magazines with the Superman D-C Symbol on the cover. Look for it!

The SANDMAN

**"NO CURTAINS FOR
CUPID!"**

THE PATH OF TRUE LOVE, THEY SAY, NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH... BUT RARELY HAS A LOVELORN PAIR TROD A ROCKIER ROAD THAN BEAMING HARRY AND HIS BLUSHING BRIDE! UNEXPECTED BOOBY TRAPS, PLACED BY A TREACHEROUS HAND, BESTREW WHAT SEEMS A STRAIGHT AND SIMPLE HIGHWAY TO WEDDED BLISS! AND IT TAKES THE **SANDMAN** AND SANDY TO CLEAR AWAY THE OBSTACLES, AND GIVE A WELCOME LIFT TO A BEWILDERED AND OVERWORKED CUPID!



IN THE HOME OF WES DODDS AND SANDY HAWKINS, UNWELCOME NEWS GREETS THE PAIR BETTER KNOWN AS SANDMAN AND SANDY!

THE DIRTY RAT! HE'S GOT AWAY AGAIN!



IMAGINE A KILLER SO VICIOUS HE LIKES TO BE CALLED THE ERASER KID - ERASER BECAUSE HE RUBS OUT HIS ENEMIES! TOO BAD THE POLICE CAN NEVER PIN IT ON HIM!

GUESS IT'S UP TO US, WES!



THE TROUBLE IS, THE KID NEVER LEAVES A DANGEROUS WITNESS ALIVE! HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET HIM?



IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE, BUT THE ANSWER TO THAT DIFFICULT QUESTION LIES IN A DREAM - A DREAM THAT BEGINS SWEETLY ENOUGH...

GOSH, TESSIE, WHAT A DAY!

I STILL THINK I'M DREAMING, HARRY! IT'S TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!



IF THERE BE ANYONE WHO HAS A REASON WHEREFORE THESE TWO SHOULD NOT BE WEDDED. LET HIM SPEAK NOW...

THANKS FOR THE INVITATION, REVEREND!



I'VE GOT THE BEST REASON IN THE WORLD!





WHICH EXPLAINS HOW IT IS THAT WES DODDS SOON READS A RATHER UNUSUAL AD...



WELL, OF ALL THINGS, TAKE A LOOK AT THIS, SANDY!

IT DOES SOUND WHACKY! THINK WE OUGHT TO GO?



WELL, SEEING THAT THE PARTY'S IN OUR HONOR, IT WOULDN'T HURT TO PUT IN AN APPEARANCE! AND BESIDES, I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW WHO'S THROWING THIS AFFAIR!

SANDMAN AND SANDY ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND RECEPTION TO BE HONORED IN THEIR ADOWN ST.

AT THE RECEPTION...



OKAY, HONEY, HERE DEY ARE! I'M DA ONE DAT'S T'ROWIN' DIS PARTY, SANDMAN...I WANTED YA TO MEET ME FIANCEE, TESSIE DU VAL!

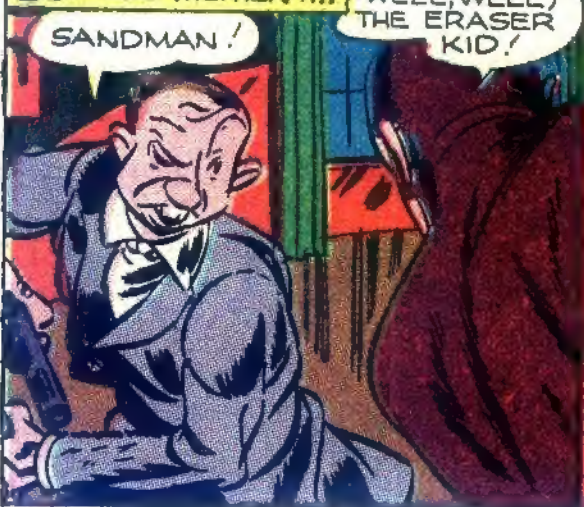
IT'S A PLEASURE, HARRY...BUT IT'S ALSO SLIGHTLY EMBARRASSING! I'VE GOT NOTHING ON YOU NOW, BUT SOME DAY YOU MIGHT PULL A FAST ONE...

NO, SANDMAN, DAT'LL NEVER HAPPEN BECAUSE I'M A REFORMED CHARACTER! BUT WHAT I WANTED TESSIE TA HEAR IS DAT YA GOT NUTTIN' ON ME NOW!

WELL, HARRY, SHE CAN SET HER MIND AT REST! IF YOU'VE REALLY REFORMED, WE'RE FRIENDS!



AT THIS MOMENT...



SANDMAN!

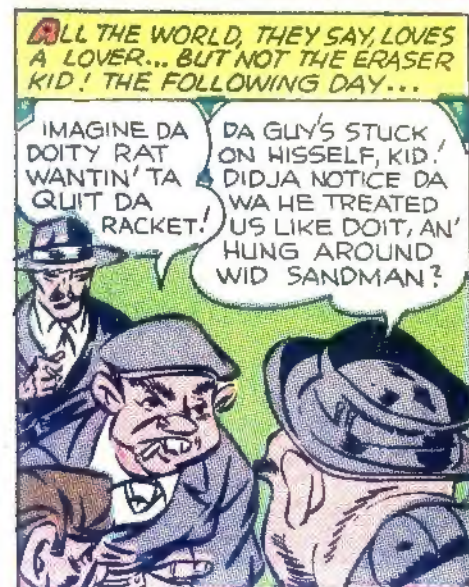
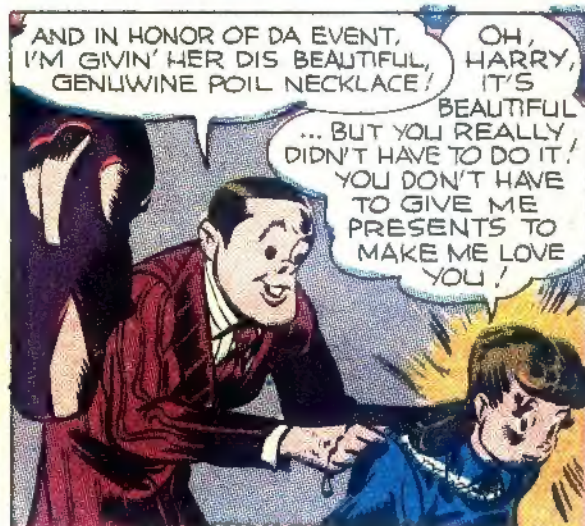
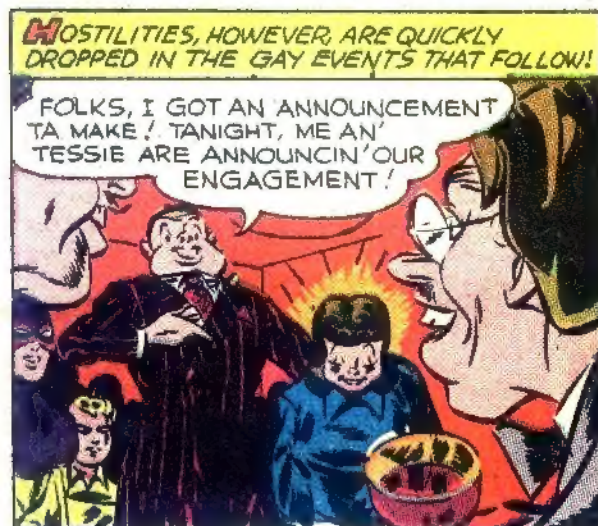
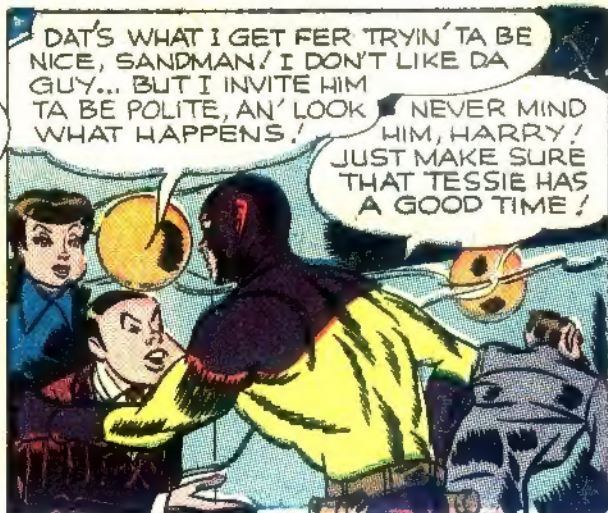
WELL, WELL, THE ERASER KID!



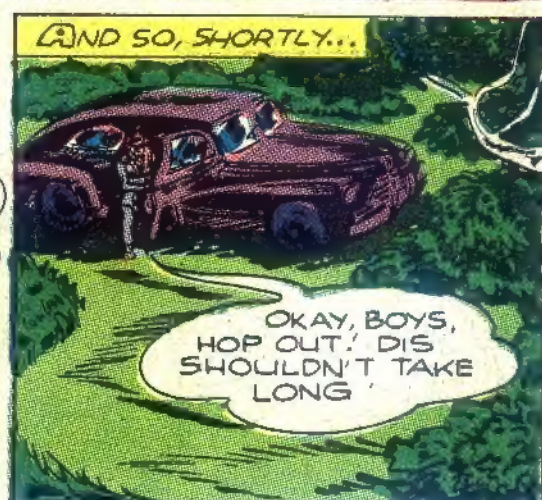
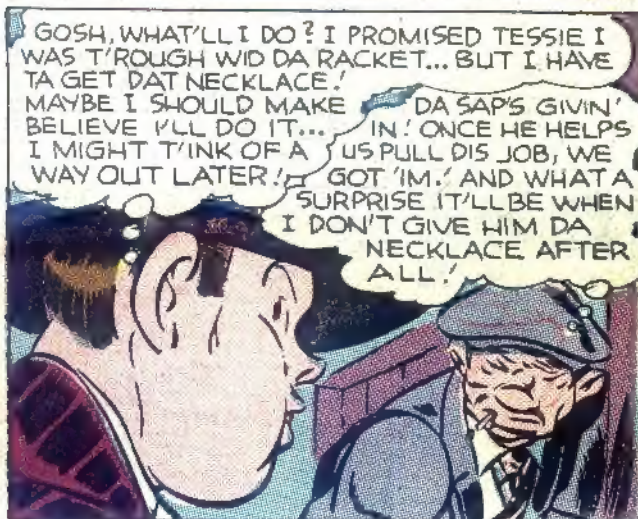
LAY IT DOWN, BOOB!

AAAAA...

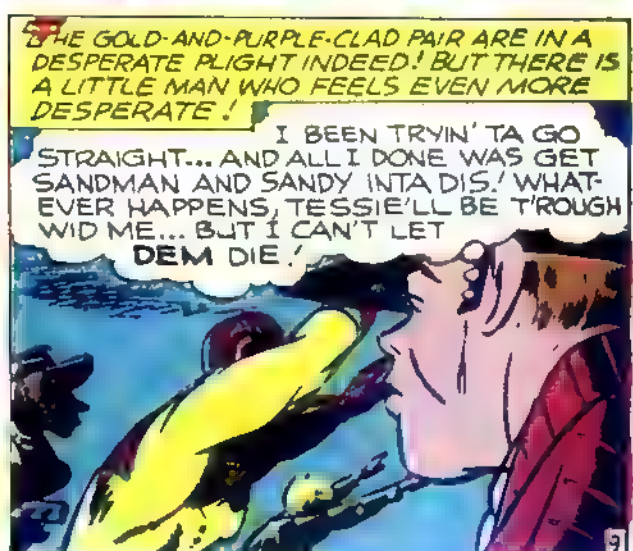
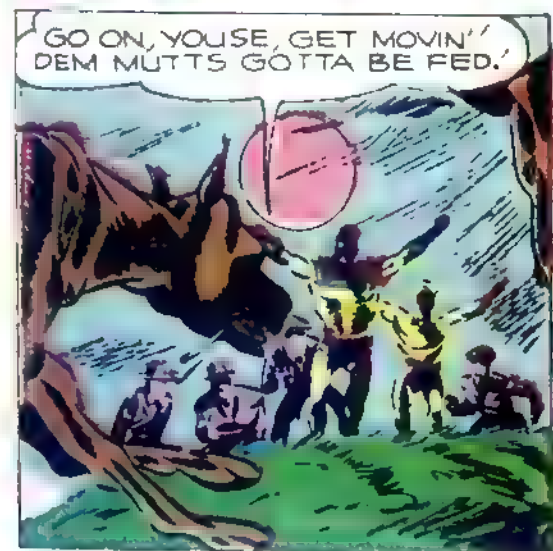
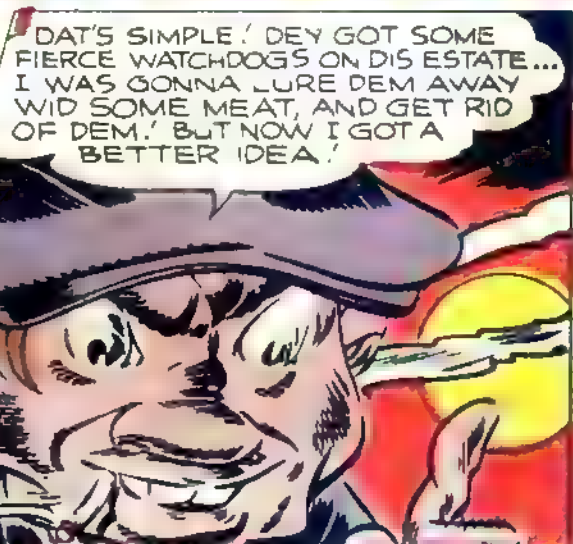
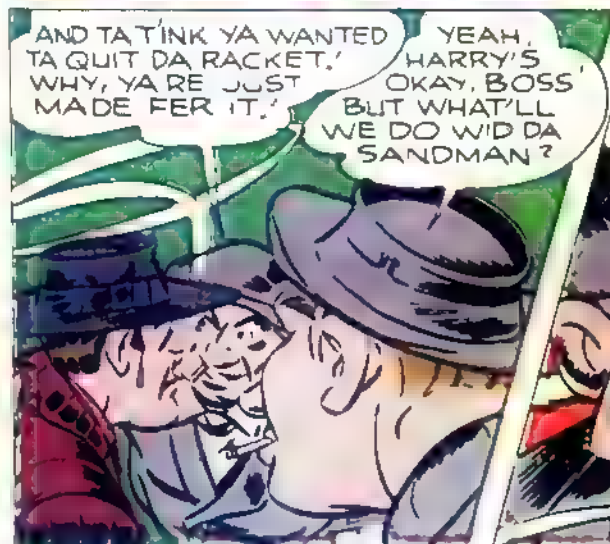
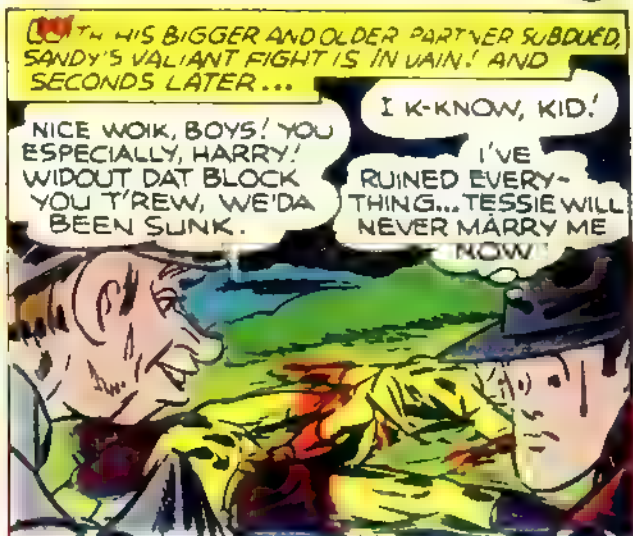
HOLD EVERYTHING, BOYS! DERE AIN'T NO CAUSE TA QUARREL!

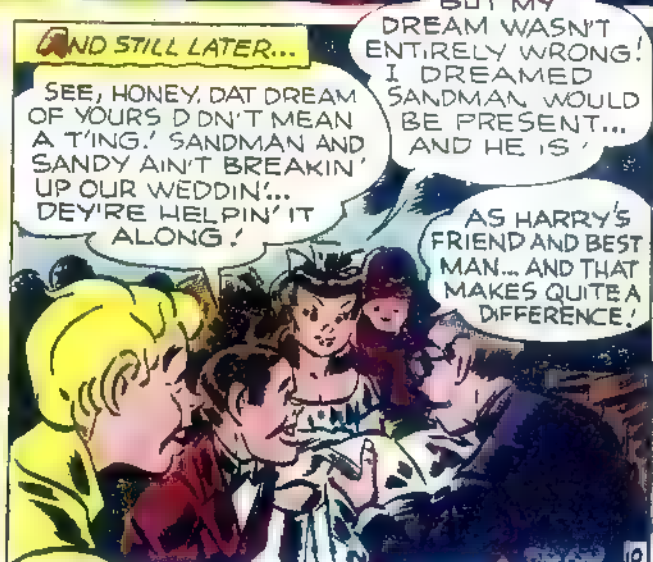
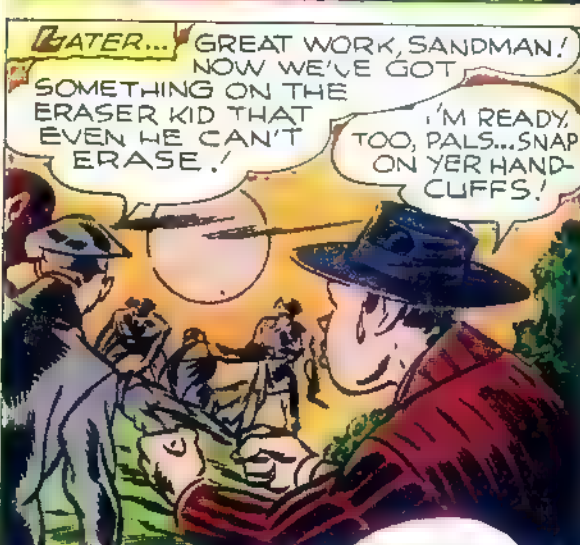
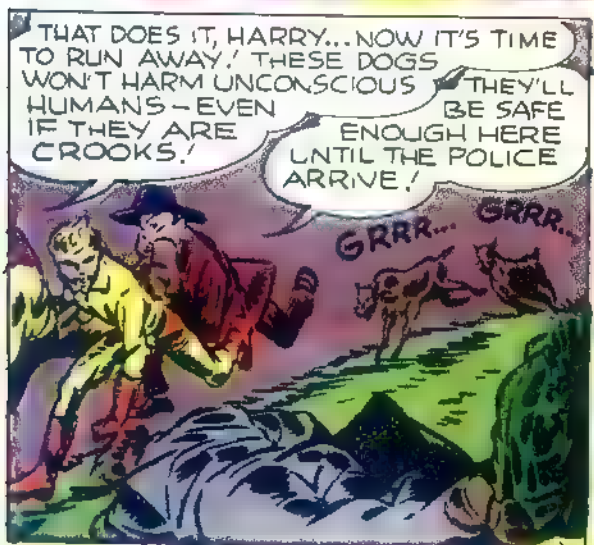
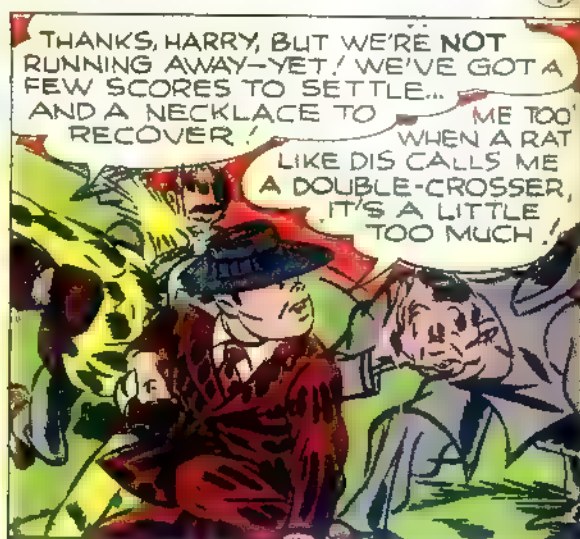












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extra War Bond!*



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The SHINING KNIGHT



HAVE WIT AND RIDICULE THE POWER TO DEFEAT JUSTICE? CAN THE LEVERAGE OF LAUGHTER PRY APART THE STRONGEST SEAMS OF COURAGE? WELL, PERHAPS SO, BUT THE BITING EDGE OF WIT SERVES MANY A MASTER, AND THE SMITTEN KNIGHT CAN USE IT AS WELL AS THE MOST SCURRILOUS SCOUNDREL AS HE RECOVERS FROM HIS MIGHTY FALL AND SPRINGS FROM THE DUST TO TURN THE...

"Barbs of Chivalry!"

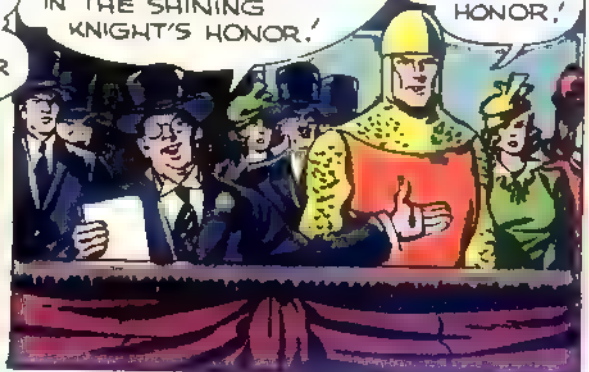
IT'S A PROUD DAY FOR THE SHINING KNIGHT! AT LAST, IN THIS AGE OF SPEED AND STEEL, THE ANCIENT VIRTUES OF CHIVALRY SEEM TO BE GETTING THEIR DUE!

AND SO, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, BECAUSE THE PUBLIC WELFARE HAS BEEN SO GREATLY ADVANCED BY HIS DEEDS OF DARING, IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO PROCLAIM THE SHINING KNIGHT FIRST CITIZEN OF OUR CITY!

HOORAH!

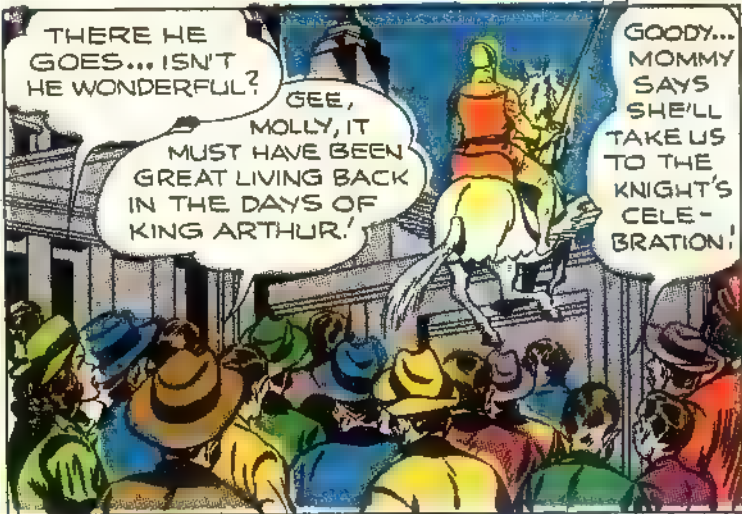
AND THANKS TO THE GENEROSITY OF CERTAIN PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZENS WHO PREFER TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS, MONEY HAS BEEN DONATED FOR A FESTIVAL OF CHIVALRY IN THE SHINING KNIGHT'S HONOR!

BY MY TROTH, 'TIS INDEED AN HONOR!





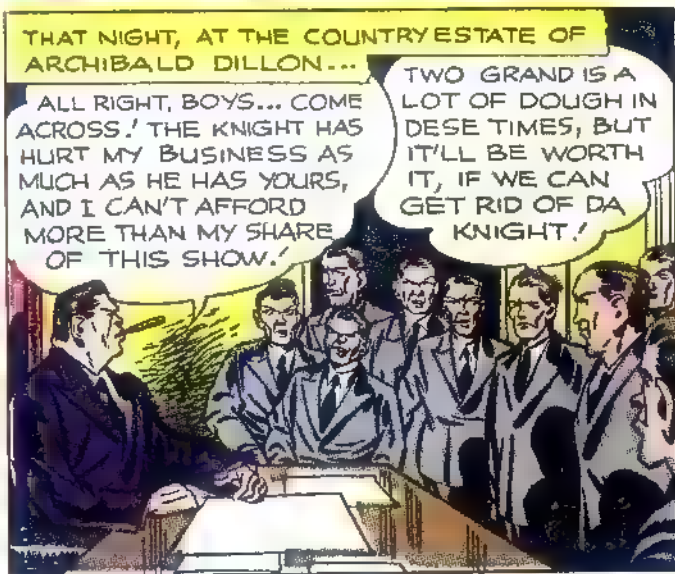
LORDS AND LADIES, I AM EXCEEDING PROUD THAT MY BELOVED CHIVALRY HAS RECEIVED THE BOON OF THIS PROMISED FESTIVAL!



THERE HE GOES... ISN'T HE WONDERFUL?

GEE, MOLLY, IT MUST HAVE BEEN GREAT LIVING BACK IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR!

GOODY... MOMMY SAYS SHE'LL TAKE US TO THE KNIGHT'S CELEBRATION!



THAT NIGHT, AT THE COUNTRY ESTATE OF ARCHIBALD DILLON...

ALL RIGHT, BOYS... COME ACROSS! THE KNIGHT HAS HURT MY BUSINESS AS MUCH AS HE HAS YOURS, AND I CAN'T AFFORD MORE THAN MY SHARE OF THIS SHOW.

TWO GRAND IS A LOT OF DOUGH IN DESE TIMES, BUT IT'LL BE WORTH IT, IF WE CAN GET RID OF DA KNIGHT!



ALWAYS REMEMBER, GENTLEMEN... WHAT YOU CAN'T DO BY FORCE, YOU CAN ALWAYS ACCOMPLISH BY WIT!

IN DAT CASE, OUR FIVE GRAND OUGHT TO MAKE DA KNIGHT LOOK AWFUL FOOLISH AT DAT FESTIVAL!



I CAN'T GET OVER DA MAYOR CALLING US PUBLIC-SPIRITED!

WELL, AIN'T WE... WE LIVE ON DA PUBLIC'S DOUGH, DON'T WE?

ONCE THE KNIGHT IS LAUGHED OUT OF TOWN, AND I GET YOU BOYS ROLLING AGAIN, LAW AND ORDER IN THIS TOWN IS GOING TO WEAR BLACK!

OKAY, BOYS... SHOW'S NEXT WEEK AT MY PLACE! JUST YOU WATCH... AFTER IT'S ALL OVER, THE KNIGHT IS GOING TO FEEL AS SILLY AS A GLAMOUR GIRL IN PUBLIC WITH THE MUMPS.

YEAH, AND DEN WE MAKE UP FER LOST TIME!

AND SO, ON THE DAY OF CHIVALRY'S FESTIVAL, ARCHIBALD DILLON EXTENDS HIS "HOSPITALITY"...

FELLOW CITIZENS, WELCOME! EVERYTHING IS FREE... HOT DOGS, POP AND THE ENTERTAINMENT! FIRST, THE RODEO! AFTER THAT, OUR SHINING KNIGHT WILL PERFORM!

BOY, IF THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY HAD MANY BLOW-OUTS LIKE THIS, I'D BE WILLING TO DO WITHOUT MY HOT BATH!

AIN'T THIS SWELL, LIL! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE THE KNIGHT GO TO TOWN!

BUT JUST THEN...

HELP...

KRRPLUNKX

GRACIOUS, SHE'LL BE DROWNED... THAT'S THE DEEP END OF THE POOL!

WHAT SORRY PLIGHT IS THIS? TO THE RESCUE, VICTORY!

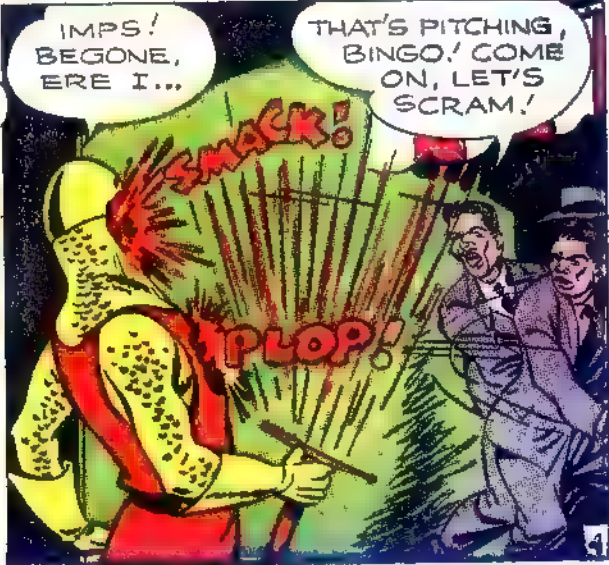
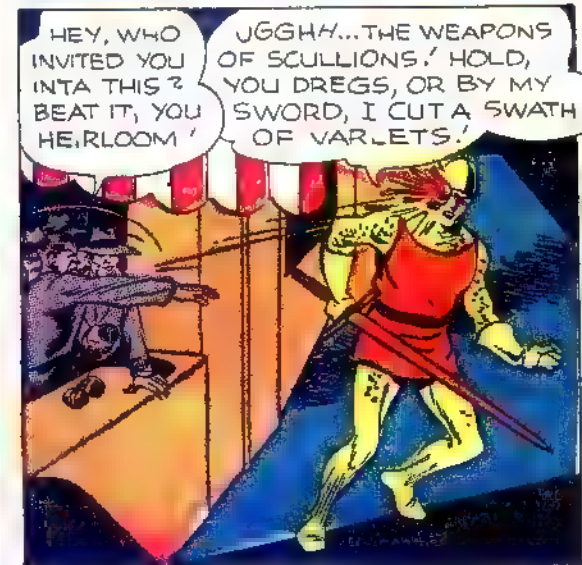
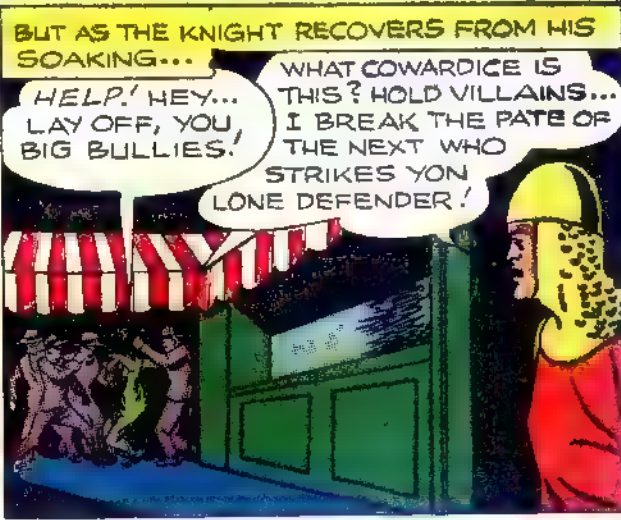
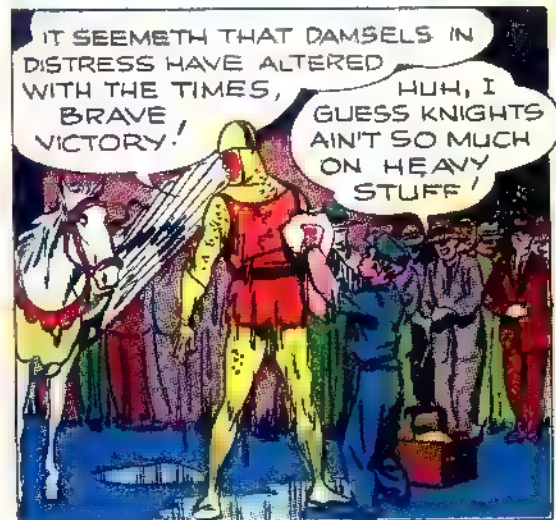
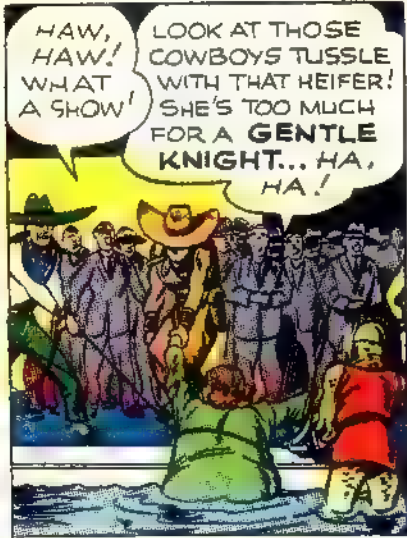
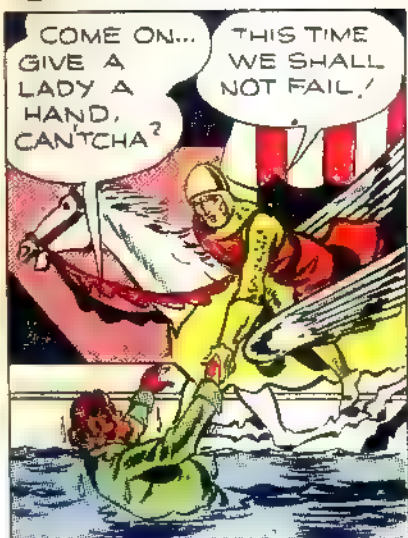
REST ASSURED, FAIR LADY! I HAVE YOU SAFE!

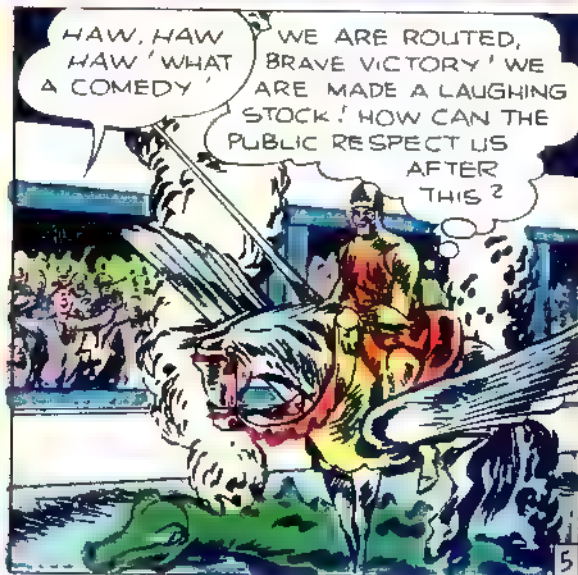
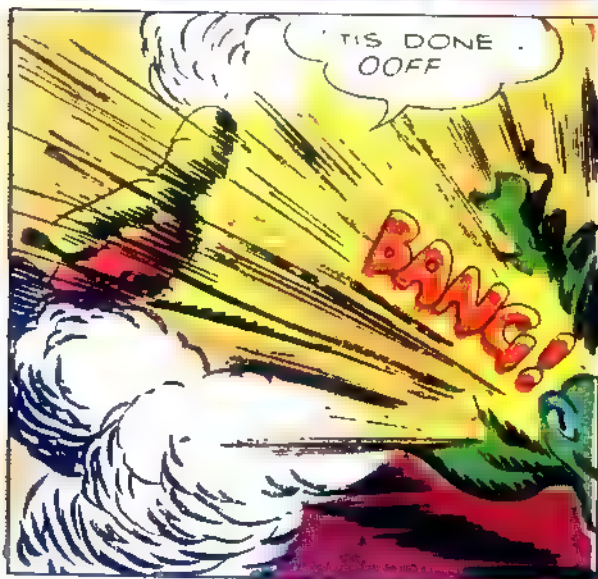
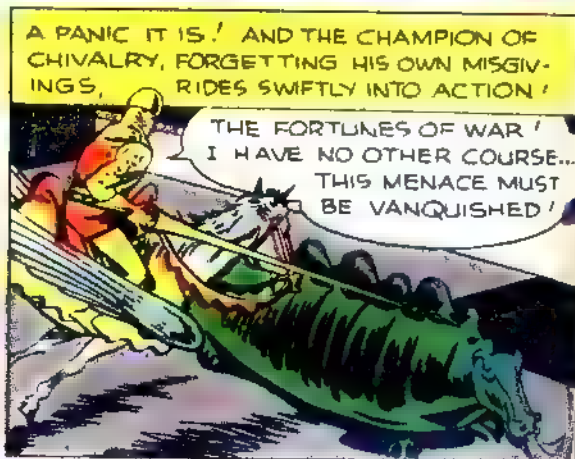
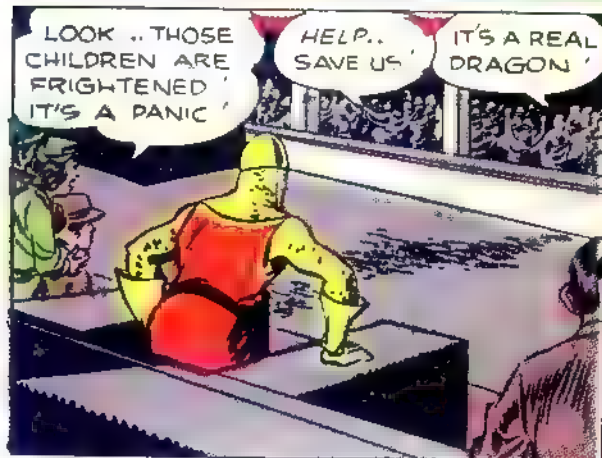
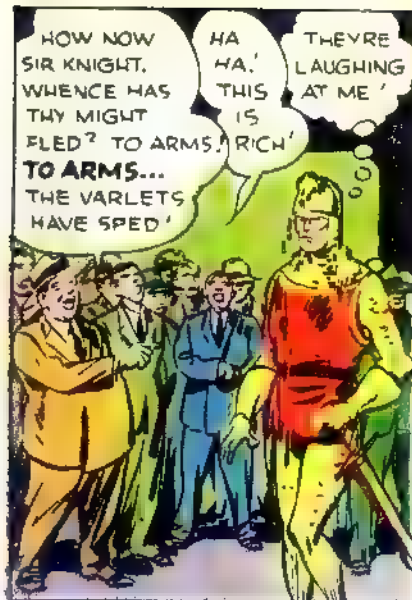
BOO-HOO... MY WEINERS GOT WET?

HALP! YOU BIG APE, YOU'RE LETTING ME DROP! HALP!

COME VICTORY, ANOTHER TRY!

SPLASH!





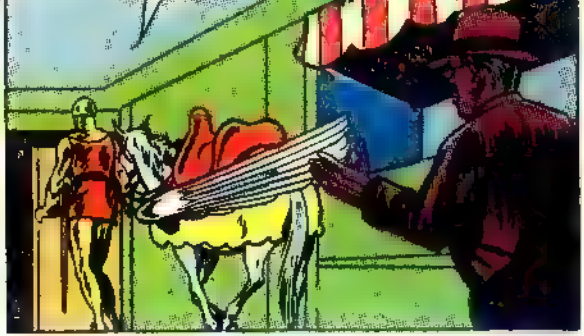
WHAT A SHAMEFUL JOKE, KNIGHT! BUT COME, SOON ENOUGH YOU SHALL REDEEM YOURSELF...THE PUBLIC IS EAGER TO SEE THE ARTS OF CHIVALRY!

I FEAR NOT, PROFESSOR! WE BECOME COURT JESTERS, WHERE ONCE WE PLAYED A NOBLER ROLE. 'TWERE BETTER THAT VICTORY AND I DEPARTED!

AND EVEN THE SHINING KNIGHT'S GOOD FRIEND, PROFESSOR MORESBY, CANNOT HOLD HIM BACK!

FAREWELL...

BUT THE SHOW...

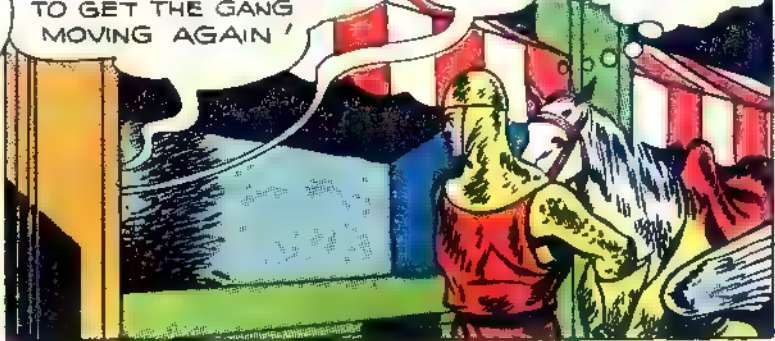


MY USEFULNESS IS GONE! I AM BUT AN OBJECT OF RIDICULE! (METHINKS ALL THIS BYPLAY HAS A DEEPER MEANING! I WOULD FAIN DISCOVER ITS NATURE...)

HA, HA! YOU SEE, A LITTLE WIT, AND THE KNIGHT FALLS FROM THE STARS! AND NOW THAT HE'S STUCK IN THE MUD, IT'LL BE A CINCH TO GET THE GANG MOVING AGAIN!

GEE, BOSS, YOU'RE A SMART ONE!

HAH! THE WORDS THAT REACH MY EARS EXPLAIN MANY THINGS!



WELL, SEE YOU TONIGHT, AND DON'T FORGET... TAKE THE BACK ROAD WHEN YOU LEAVE, SO NO-BODY'LL SEE YOU!

OKAY, DILLON!

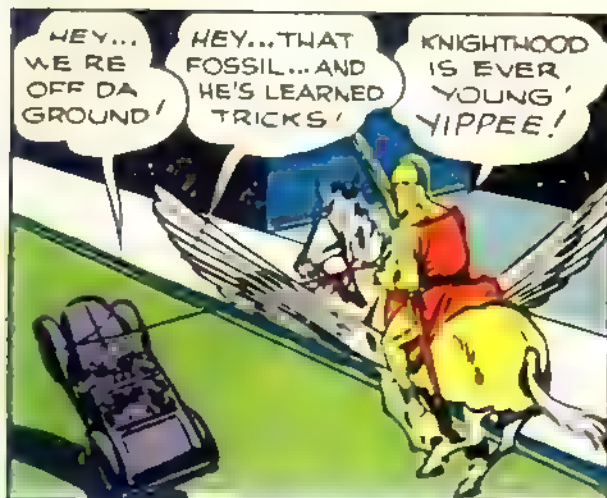
BY ARTHUR'S HALBERD, THESE VARLETS CONSPIRED TO REMOVE ME FROM THE SCENE OF THEIR KNAVERY! AND THIS DILLON... HMM!

MINUTES LATER, ALL HIS GLOOM VANISHED, AND ARMED WITH A LITTLE PLAN OF HIS OWN, THE KNIGHT SALLIES FORTH ONCE MORE!



HAW HAW! I CAN STILL SEE THE FOOLISH LOOK ON THE FACE OF THAT MUSEUM PIECE! HAW, HAW, HAW!

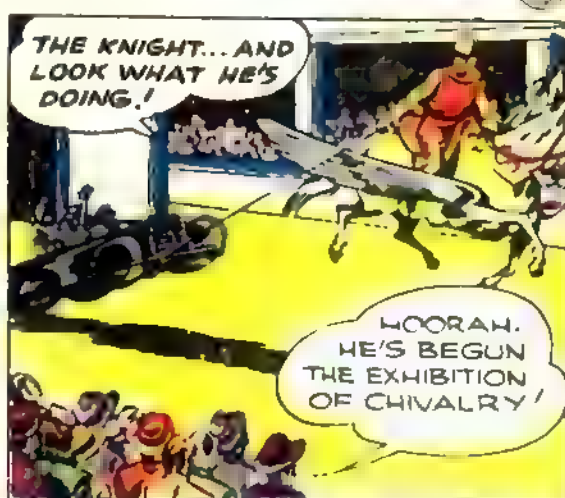




HEY...
WE'RE
OFF DA
GROUND!

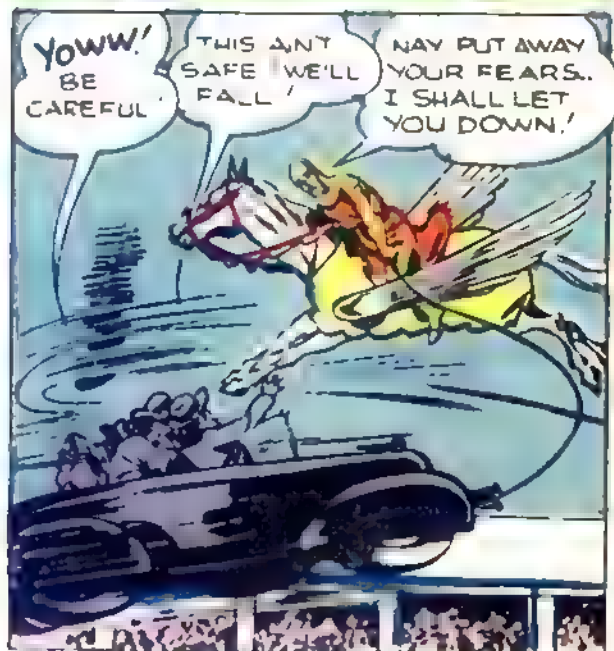
HEY...THAT
FOSSIL...AND
HE'S LEARNED
TRICKS!

KNIGHTHOOD
IS EVER
YOUNG!
YIPPEE!



THE KNIGHT... AND
LOOK WHAT HE'S
DOING!

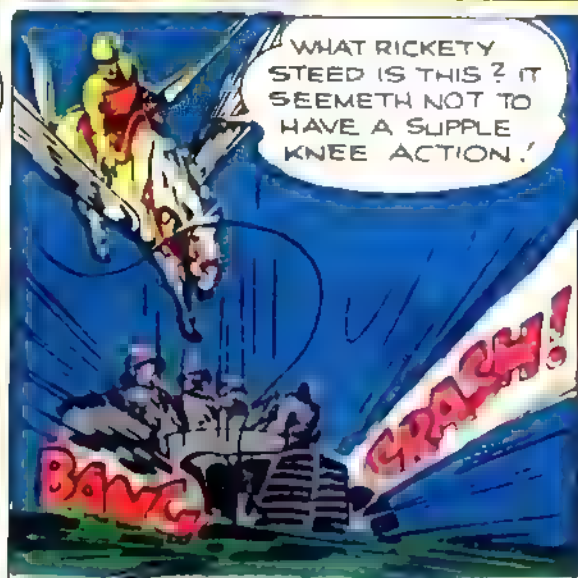
HOORAH.
HE'S BEGUN
THE EXHIBITION
OF CHIVALRY!



YOWW!
BE
CAREFUL!

THIS AINT
SAFE WE'LL
FALL!

NAY PUT AWAY
YOUR FEARS.
I SHALL LET
YOU DOWN!

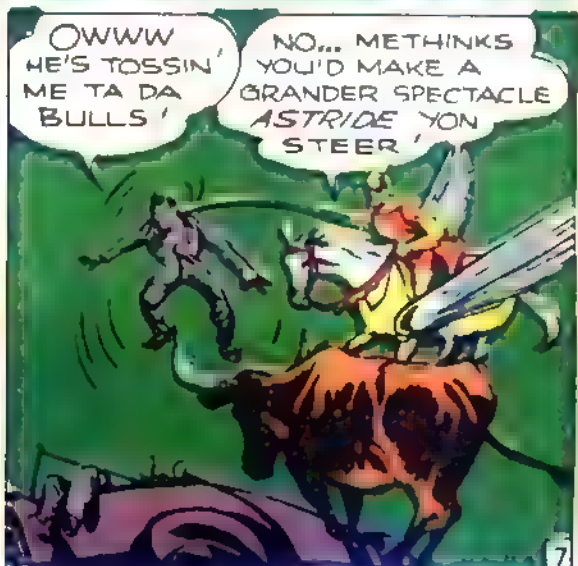


WHAT RICKETY
STEED IS THIS? IT
SEEMETH NOT TO
HAVE A SUPPLE
KNEE ACTION!



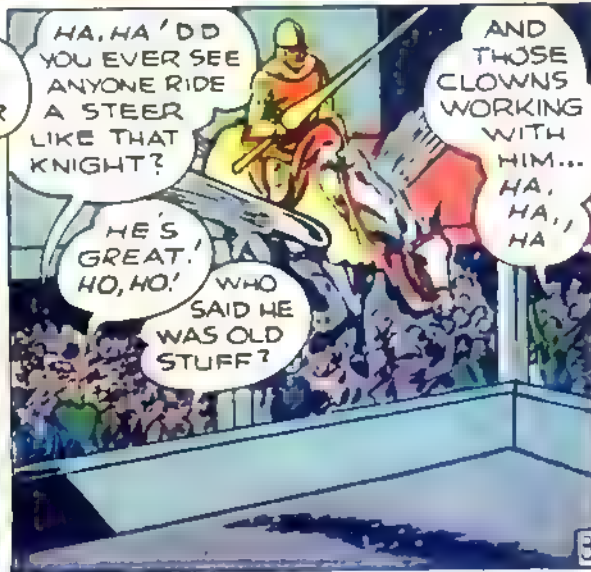
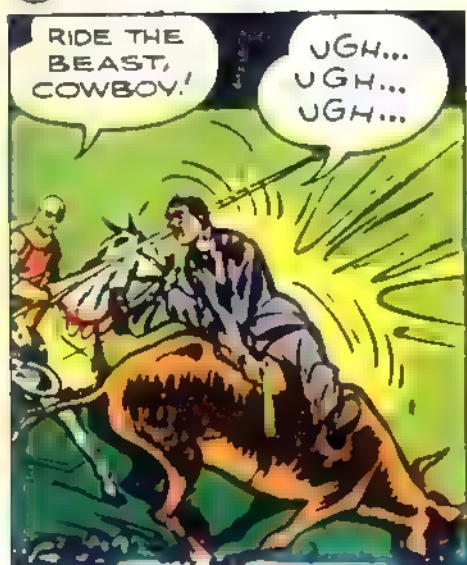
GOTTA GET
AWAY FROM
DAT GUY!
DIS IS
MOIDER!

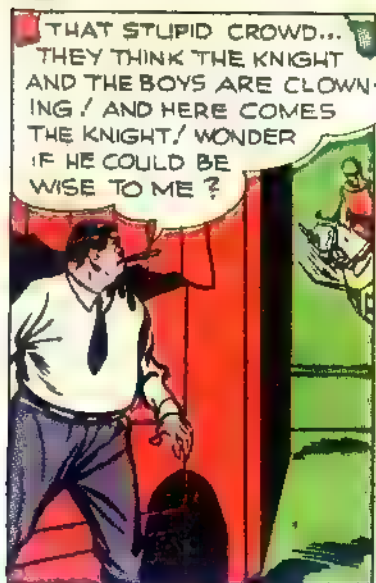
WHAT HO..
A WILD
BOAR IS
LOOSE!
AFTER HIM.
VICTORY!



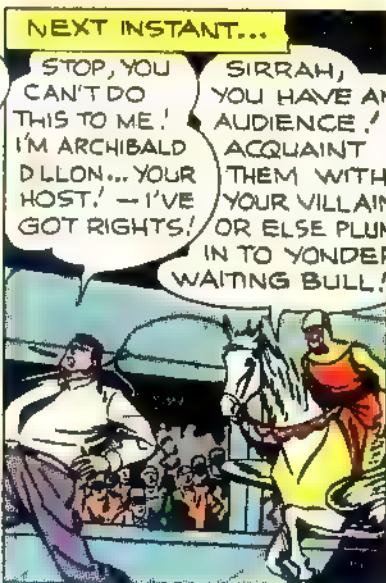
OWWW
HE'S TOSSIN'
ME TA DA
BULLS!

NO... METHINKS
YOU'D MAKE A
GRANDER SPECTACLE
ASTRIDE YON
STEER!





THAT STUPID CROWD... THEY THINK THE KNIGHT AND THE BOYS ARE CLOWNING! AND HERE COMES THE KNIGHT! WONDER IF HE COULD BE WISE TO ME?



NEXT INSTANT...

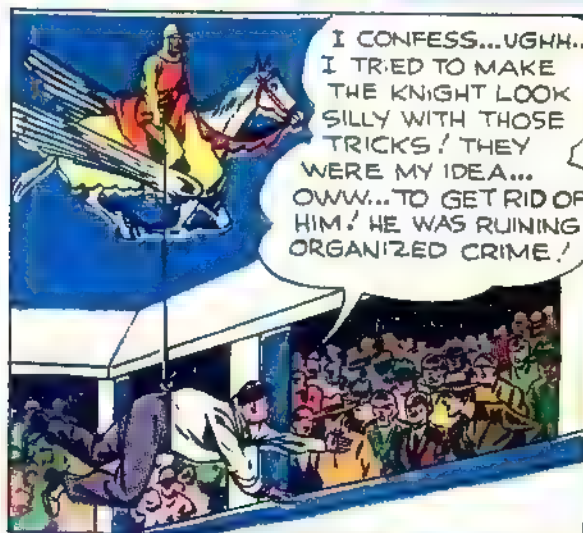
STOP, YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'M ARCHIBALD DILLON... YOUR HOST! — I'VE GOT RIGHTS!

SIRRAH, YOU HAVE AN AUDIENCE! ACQUAINT THEM WITH YOUR VILLAINY, OR ELSE PLUNGE IN TO YONDER WAITING BULL!



NO! NOT THAT! MY RED SHIRT... HE'LL KILL ME!

LORDS AND LADIES! I PRESENT THE COURT JESTER... THE KING OF TATTERS AND PATCHES MAKES A SPEECH!



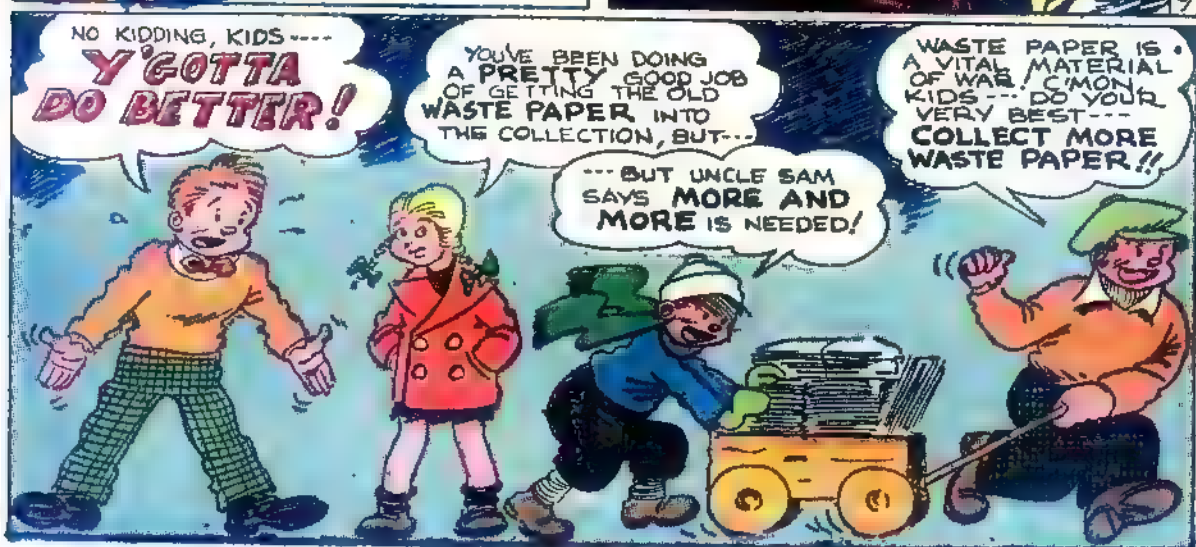
I CONFESS... UGH... I TRIED TO MAKE THE KNIGHT LOOK SILLY WITH THOSE TRICKS! THEY WERE MY IDEA... OWW... TO GET RID OF HIM! HE WAS RUINING ORGANIZED CRIME!



AND SHORTLY...

AN INCREDIBLE SCHEME, KNIGHT! BUT AGAIN, YOU HAVE MADE YOUR VALUE FELT! THEREFORE, WE OF THE CITY COUNCIL HAVE JUST DECIDED TO MAKE THIS FESTIVAL AN ANNUAL EVENT IN YOUR HONOR!

HOORAH FOR THE SHINING KNIGHT!



NO KIDDING, KIDS ----
Y'GOTTA DO BETTER!

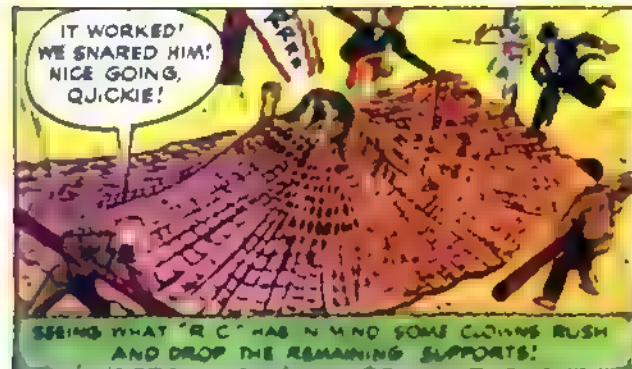
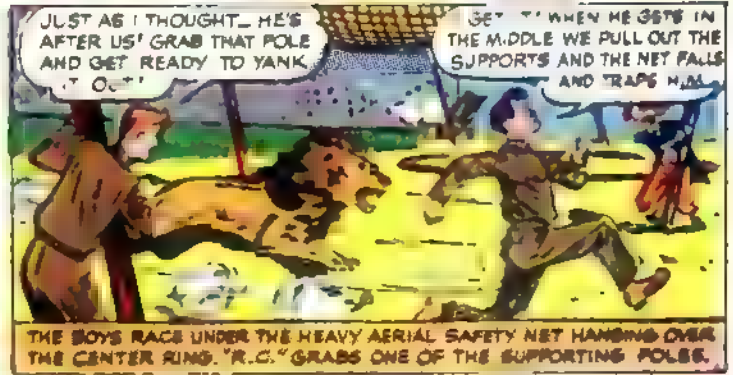
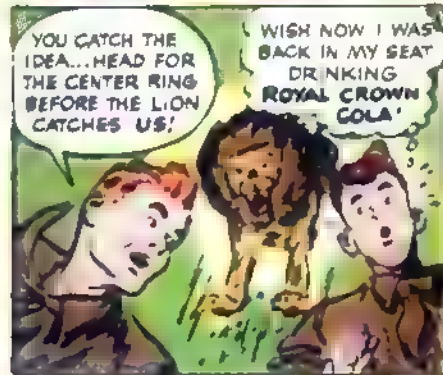
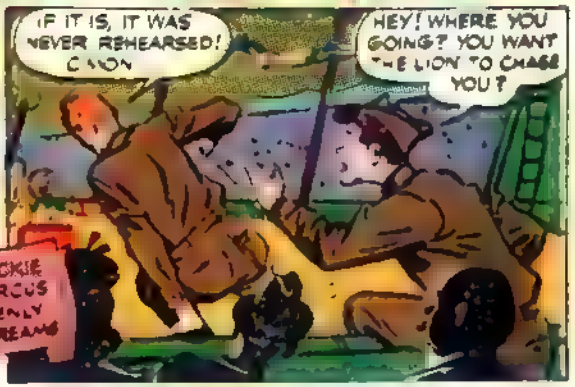
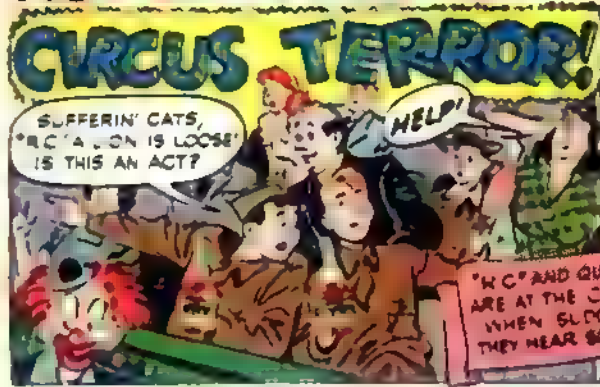
YOU'VE BEEN DOING A PRETTY GOOD JOB OF GETTING THE OLD WASTE PAPER INTO THE COLLECTION, BUT...

--- BUT UNCLE SAM SAYS MORE AND MORE IS NEEDED!

WASTE PAPER IS A VITAL MATERIAL OF WAR! C'MON KIDS --- DO YOUR VERY BEST --- COLLECT MORE WASTE PAPER!!

ADVERTISEMENT

ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE



THE DUNCAN RENALDO in
"THE CISCO KID RETURNS"
A MONDGRAM Picture

DUNCAN RENALDO SAYS:

DITTO. FELLAS! IT DOES TASTE BEST!

'Sure as shoot n, Royal Crown Cola tastes best!' says Duncan Renaldo. Duncan took the famous cele taste-test. After trying leading colas in paper cups, he picked one as best-tasting. It was Royal Crown Cola. Try R.C. for a fresh start!

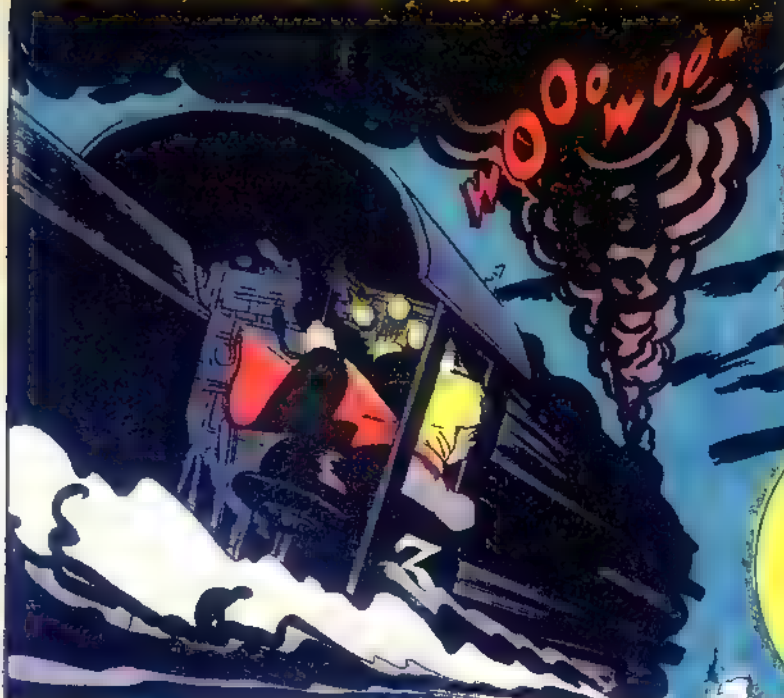
ROYAL CROWN COLA

Bottled by Tenth-Test!

GENIUS JONES

LOOSE-JOINTED RIDDLES AND CRAZY QUERIES ARE MEAT AND DRINK FOR THE MASTER MIND OF GENIUS JONES! BUT WHEN A POISONOUS PUZZLE COMES HIS WAY WITH NEITHER HEAD NOR TAIL, THE ANSWERMAN FINDS HIMSELF IN A PRETTY PICKLE. WITH ONLY SECONDS TO SPARE, HE'S GOT TO SMASH A TREACHEROUS TRAP WITH NOTHING TO GO ON EXCEPT...

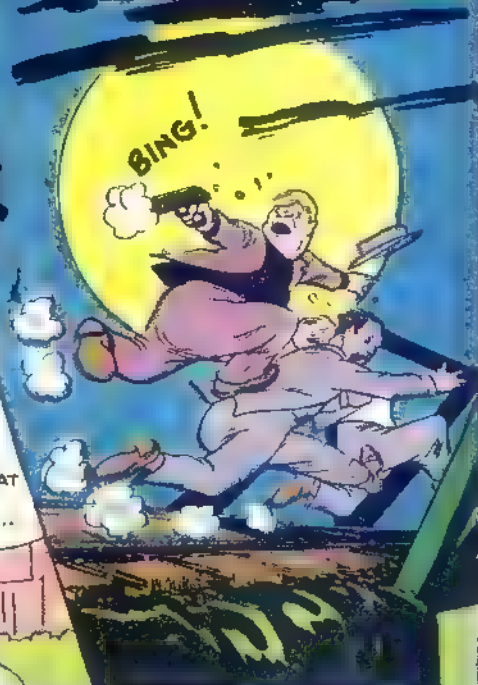
"THE CLUE THAT WASN'T THERE!"



FAR FROM HOME GENIUS JONES IS DOING HIS USUAL BRISK BUSINESS

GENIUS JONES, I BOUGHT A DOZEN OF THESE PENCILS FOR 50¢. WAS IT A BARGAIN? HERE'S YOUR DIME!

HMM...YES! JUDGING FROM THE COMPOSITION AND SIZE OF THE LEAD, THAT PENCIL WILL GIVE YOU 23,436 AVERAGE-LENGTH WORDS ON BOND PAPER-AND 19,184 WORDS ON ROUGH PAPER-AND THAT ALLOWS FOR THREE POINT BREAKINGS! NEXT PLEASE..



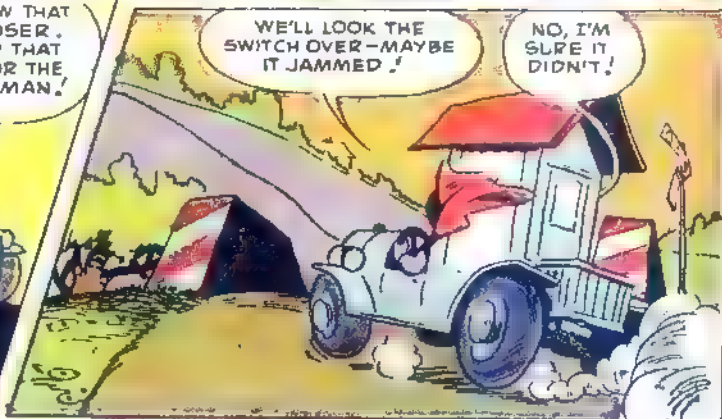
I'M TYSON RALES AT THE SWITCH YARDS. NOW CAN A CAR GO DOWN ONE TRACK, WHEN THE SWITCH IS SET FOR ANOTHER TRACK?

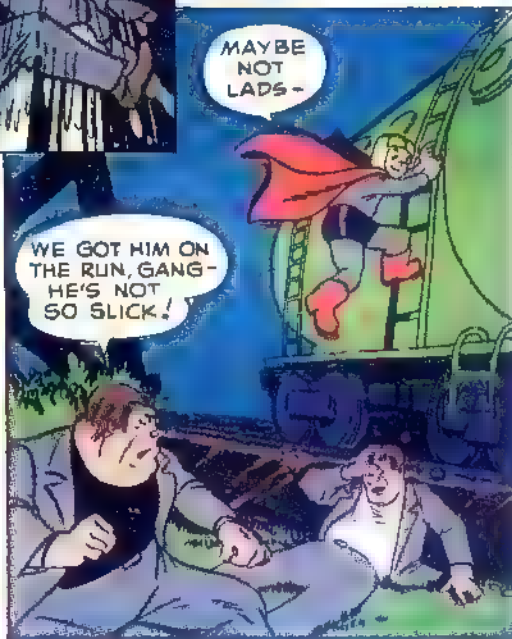
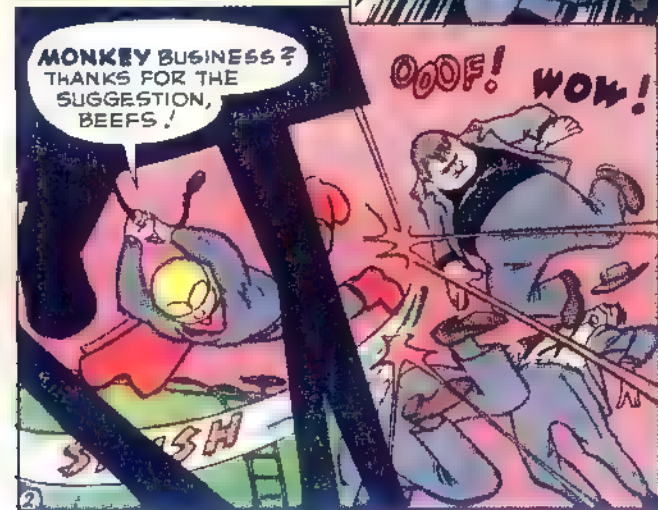
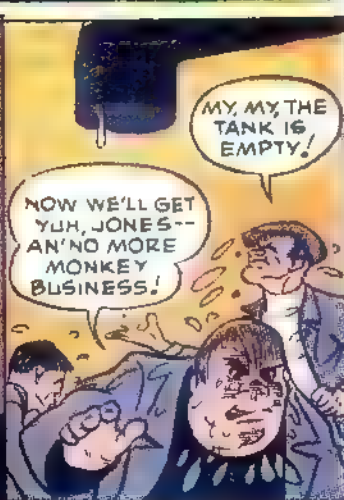
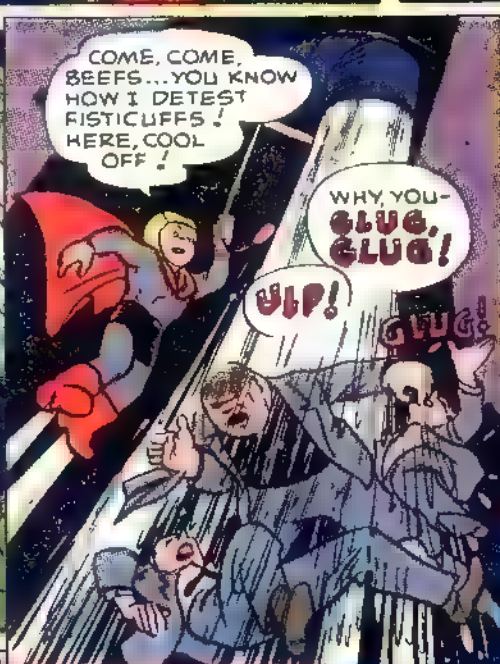
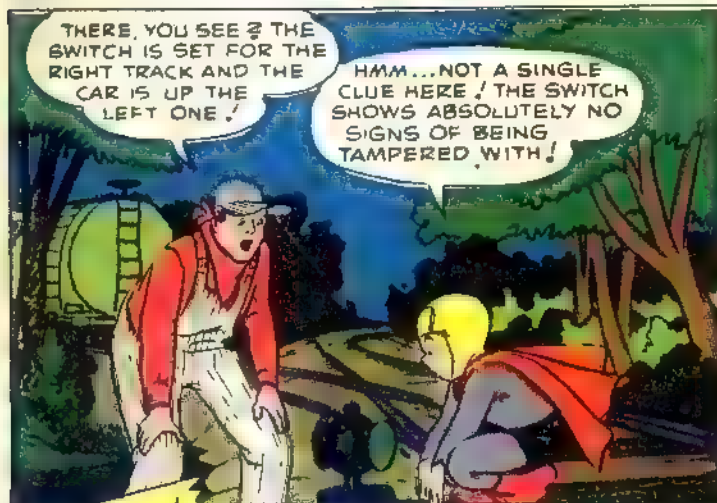
WELL NOW THAT IS A POSER. I'M AFRAID THAT CALLS FOR THE ANSWERMAN!

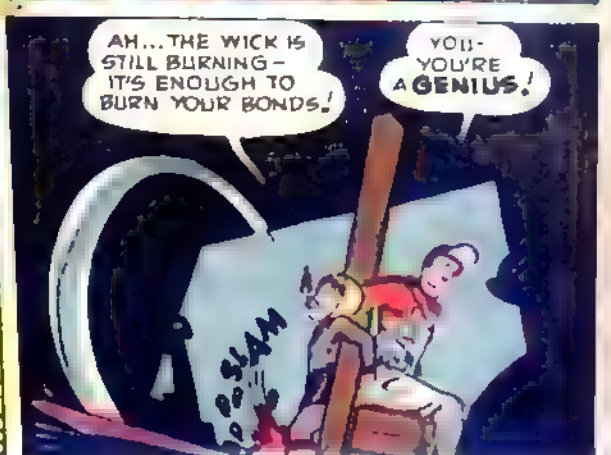
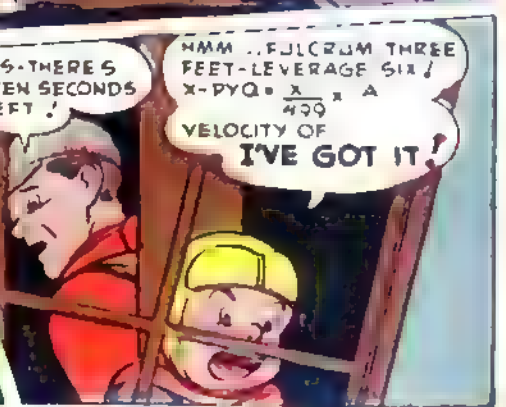
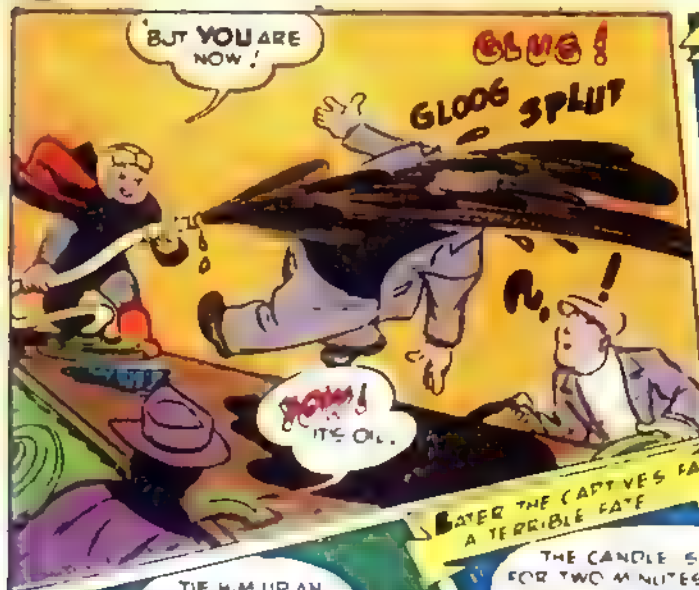


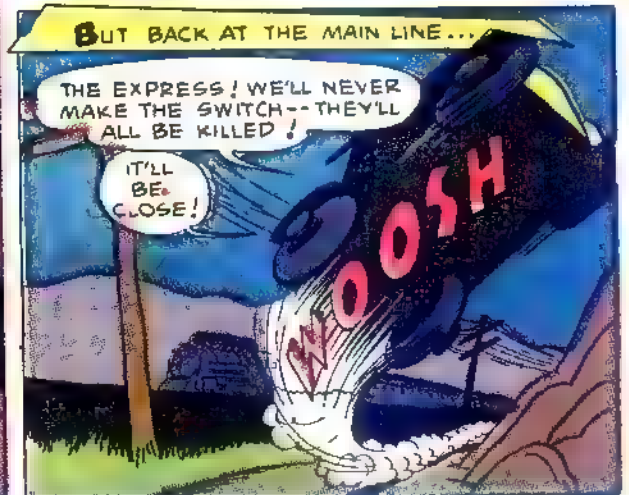
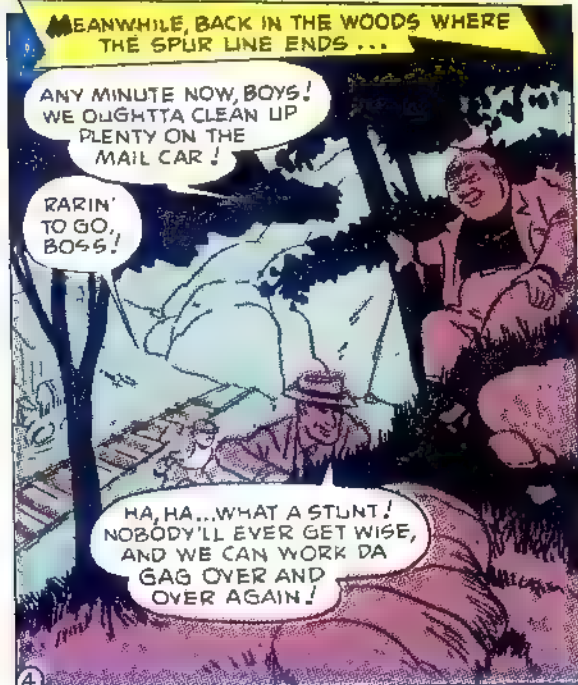
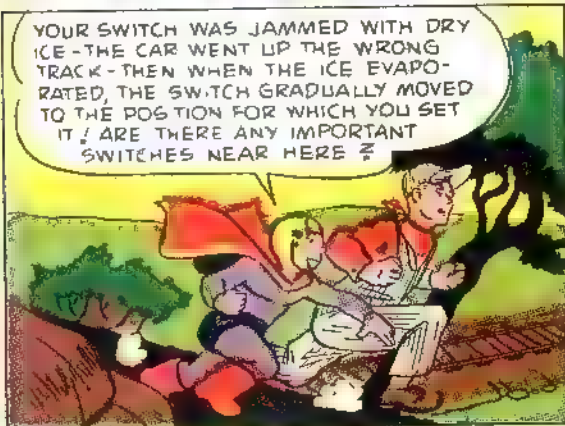
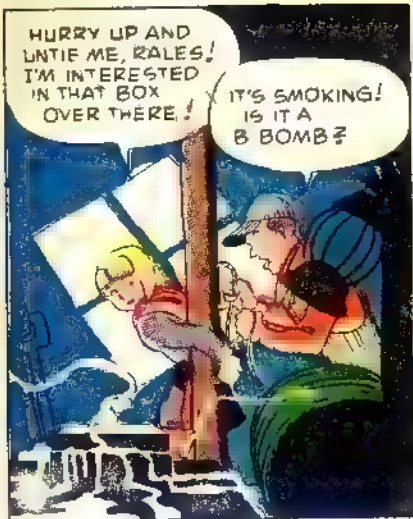
WE'LL LOOK THE SWITCH OVER-MAYBE IT JAMMED!

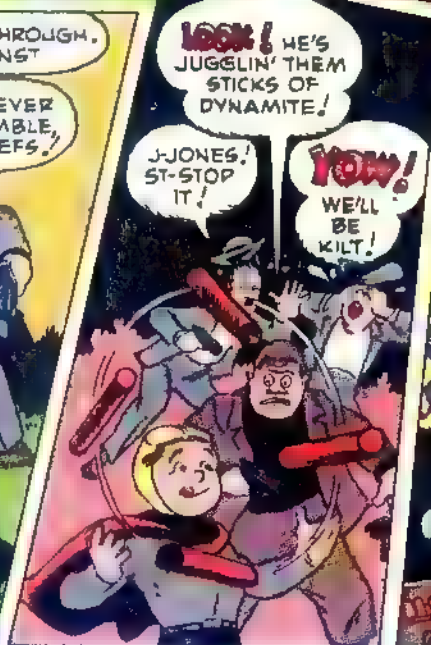
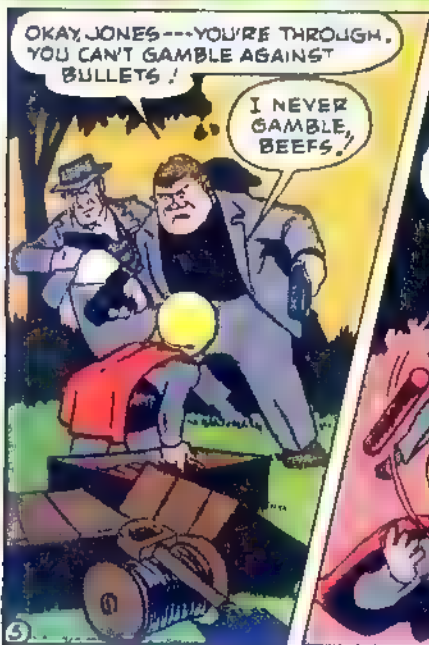
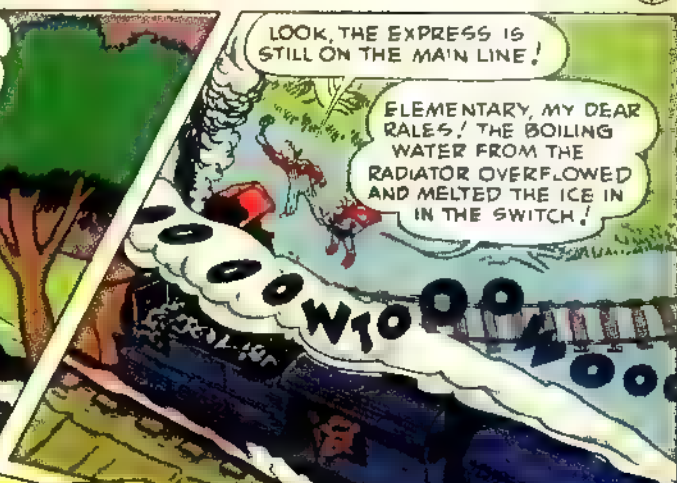
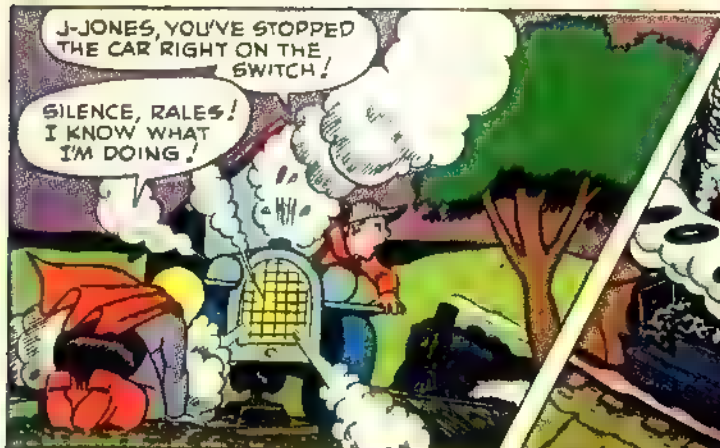
NO, I'M SURE IT DIDN'T!

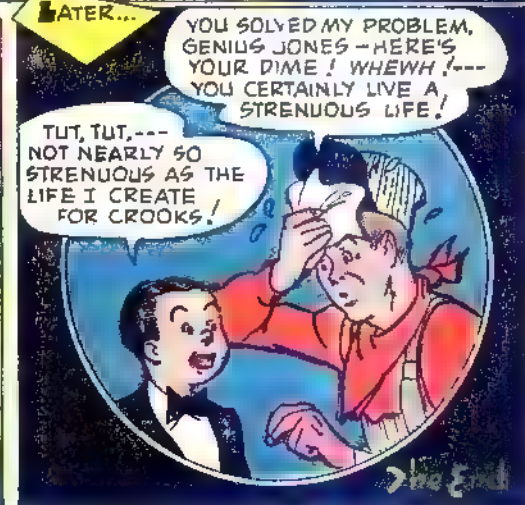
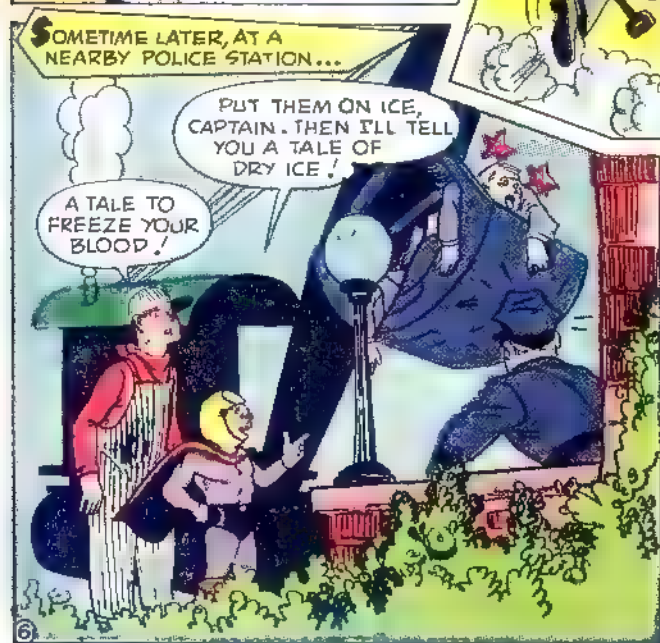
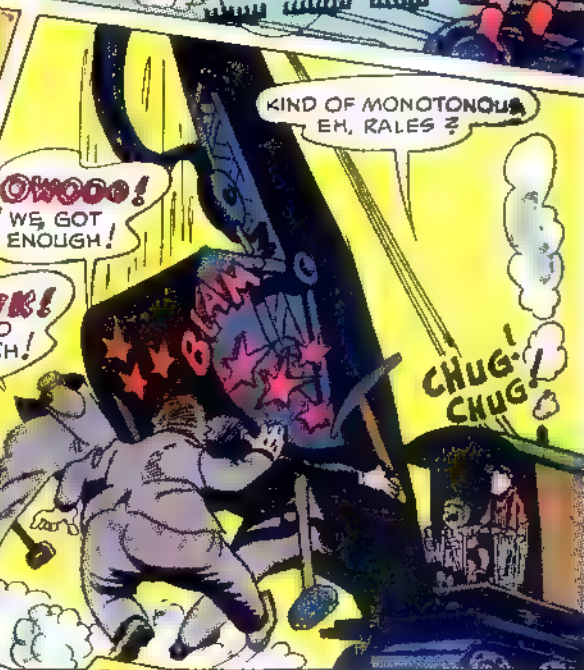
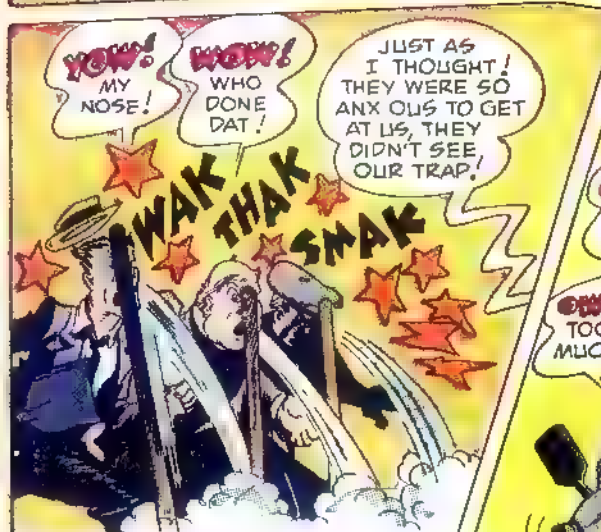
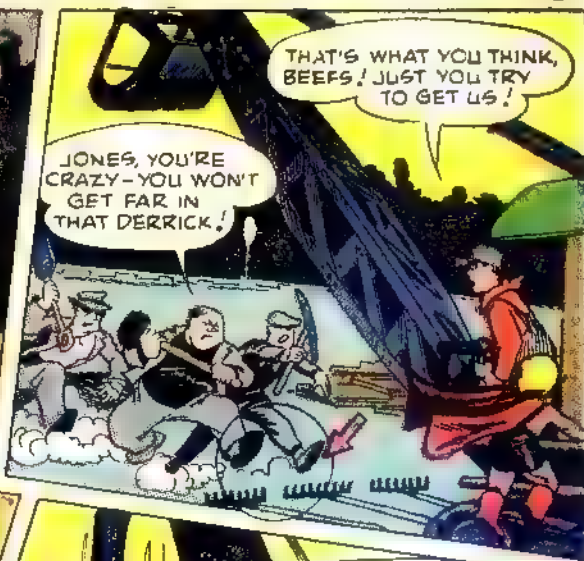
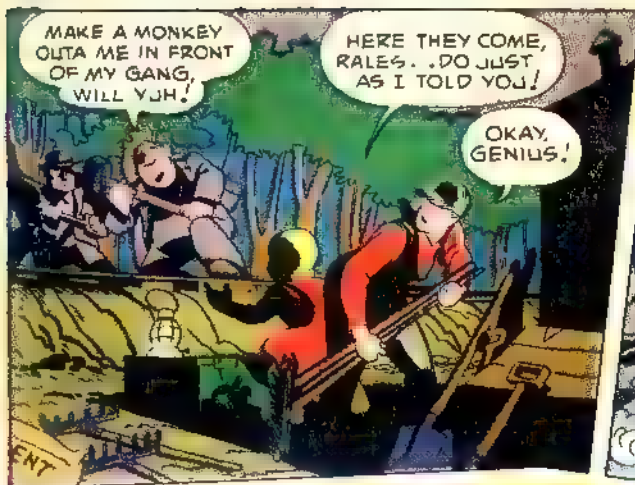












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A CHAMPION TRAINING TIP

Asked to pick one part of an athlete's training program as being most important, many famous coaches and star performers say, "proper diet." That's one reason why big bowlfuls of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions" are a training table favorite. Concentrated whole grain nourishment in those crisp-toasted flakes. And delicious malt-rich, sweet-as-a-nut flavor. Smart idea to *give yourself a winning start every morning*. Put in your bid for lots of Wheaties, famous "Breakfast of Champions."

I WANT TO BE A CHAMPION

Wheaties, Library of Sports, Dept. 50,
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Please send me the Library of Sports books I have checked below
I enclose ONE Wheaties box top and 10c for each set of two books.

- | | |
|---|---|
| ☐ Want to be a Baseball Champion? | ☐ Want to be a Track and Field Champion (Track). |
| ☐ Want to be a Golf Champion? (for boys). | ☐ Want to be a Track and Field Champion? (Field). |
| ☐ Want to be a Golf Champion? (for girls). | ☐ Want to be a Basketball Champion? (for boys). |
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| ☐ Want to be a Tennis Champion? (for boys). | ☐ Want to be a Swimming Champion? |
| ☐ Want to be a Tennis Champion? (for girls). | ☐ Want to be a Bowling Champion? |
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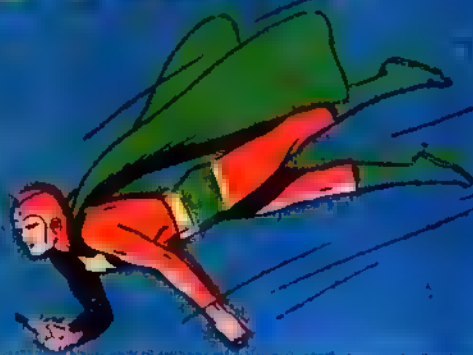
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STARMAN



"HE WHO STEALS MY PURSE STEALS TRASH," SAID SHAKESPEARE... WELL, THE THIEF WHO STEALS MONEY IS A GENTLEMAN COMPARED TO THE DESPICABLE CRIMINAL WHO PURLOINS THE HONORS AND REPUTATION DUE ANOTHER! AND WHEN STARMAN ENCOUNTERS SUCH A SCOUNDREL, IT'S A BATTLE TO THE DEATH BEFORE HE CAN RECOVER...

"STOLEN GLORY!"

GRADUATION DAY... AND BUDDING ASTRONOMER, JIMMY WELLS, FINDS HIMSELF OUT IN THE WORLD WITH ONLY ONE HANDICAP...

HERE I AM, WITH IDEAS FOR WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES IN ASTRONOMY... AND NO CHANCE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT THEM! NO MONEY TO LIVE ON, NO OBSERVATORY TO WORK IN!



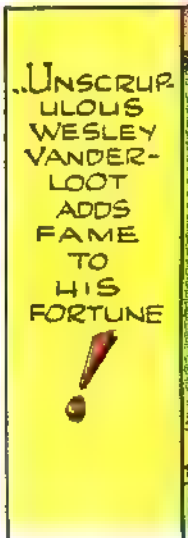
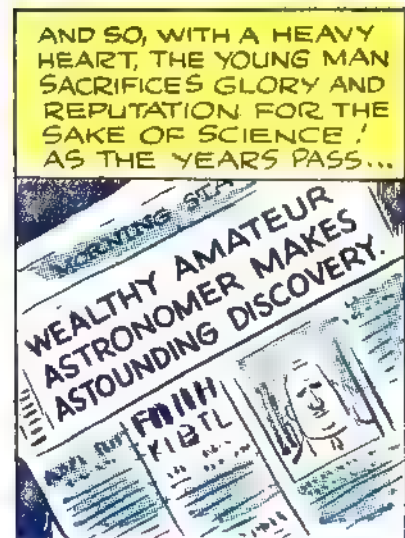
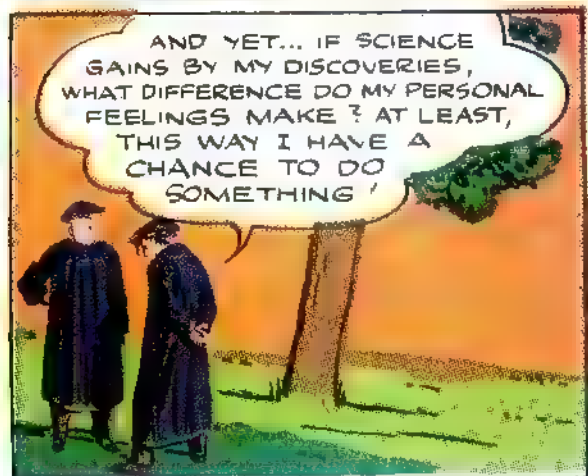
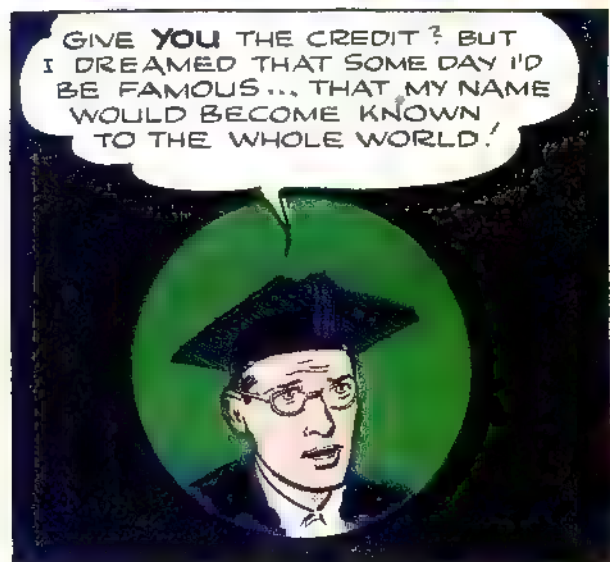
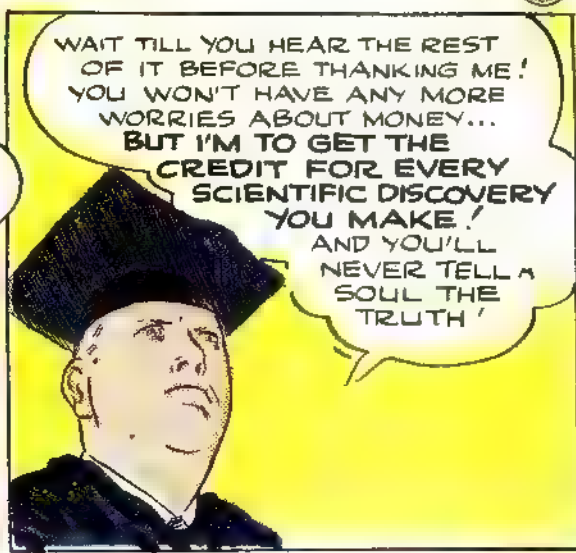
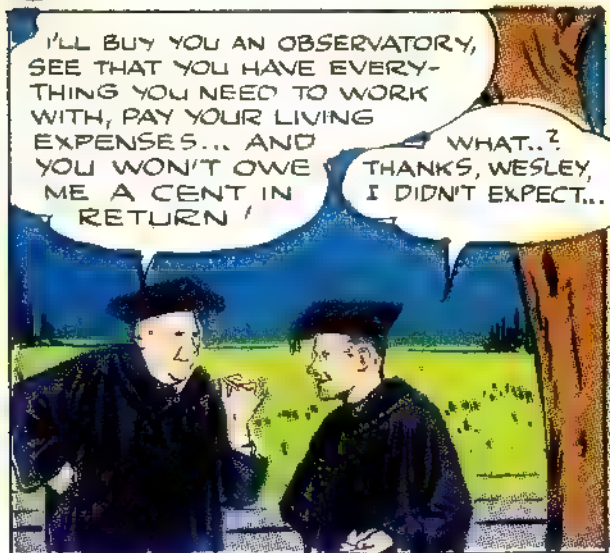
NOW, VANDERLOOT THERE HAS MONEY TO BURN! MAYBE, IF I WERE TO ASK HIM FOR A LOAN...



BUT PEOPLE WHO HAVE MONEY TO BURN ARE USUALLY CAREFUL ABOUT WHAT THEY DO WITH IT!

... NO, I'M AFRAID A LOAN IS OUT, WELLS... BUT IF YOU REALLY NEED MONEY, I'VE GOT A BUSINESS PROPOSITION TO MAKE YOU!





BUT IN HIS MOMENTS OF LEISURE, WESLEY VANDERLOOT'S MIND IS GNAWED BY A GROWING FEAR...

IT'S TOO TERRIBLE TO THINK OF! ALL MY HONORS AND REPUTATION ARE AT THE MERCY OF JIMMY WELLS. JUST LET HIM TELL HIS STORY, AND I'M A RUINED MAN!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF IT... I'LL HAVE TO SILENCE HIM! BUT I CAN'T DIRTY MY HANDS MYSELF... I'LL HIRE OTHERS TO DO THE JOB!

AND SO, PRESENTLY, VANDERLOOT ADDS A NEW KIND OF PHILANTHROPY TO HIS OTHER INTERESTS!

BOSS, IT'S SWELL OF YA TA GIVE US DIS CHANCE! WE COULDN'T GET NO OTHER JOBS ON ACCOUNTA WE'RE EX-CONS!

'AN DA COPS WAS PUSHIN' US AROUND, SOMETHIN' AWFUL!

GLAD TO HELP YOU, BOYS!

THEY'RE GRATEFUL... BUT I DON'T KNOW WHETHER OR NOT TO TRUST THEM YET! HOWEVER, IF THEY'RE RELIABLE, I'LL HAVE THEM DISPOSE OF WELLS!

AS HIS MURDEROUS PLANS MATURE, WESLEY VANDERLOOT KEEPS UP THE POSE OF A GREAT SCIENTIST! AND AT ONE OF HIS LECTURES WE FIND TED KNIGHT

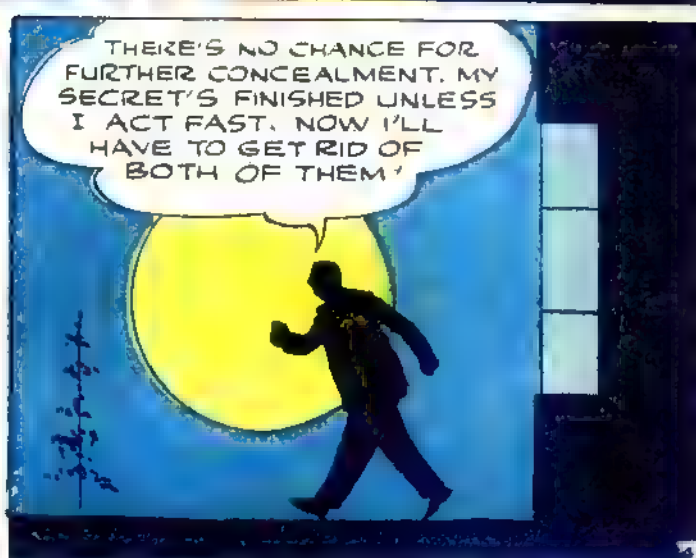
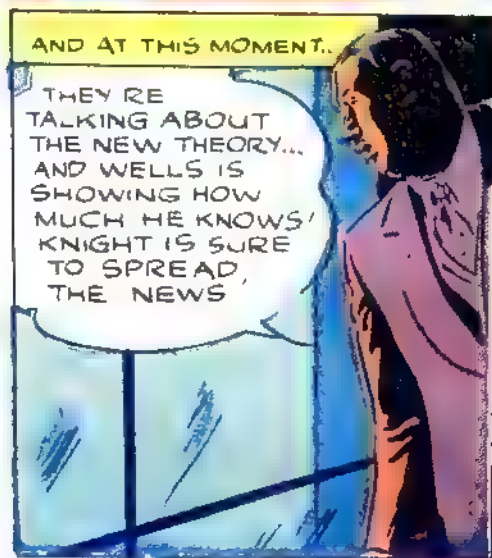
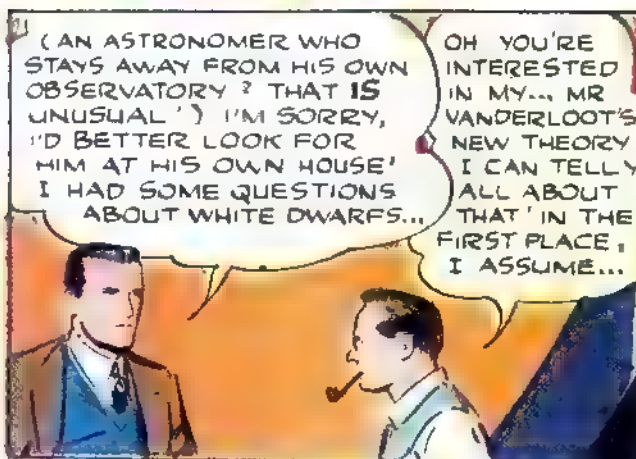
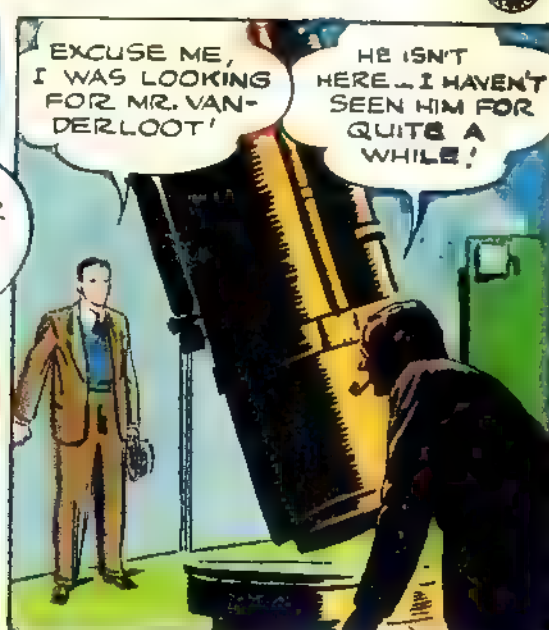
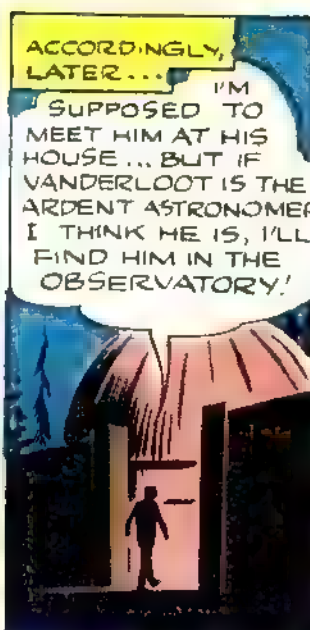
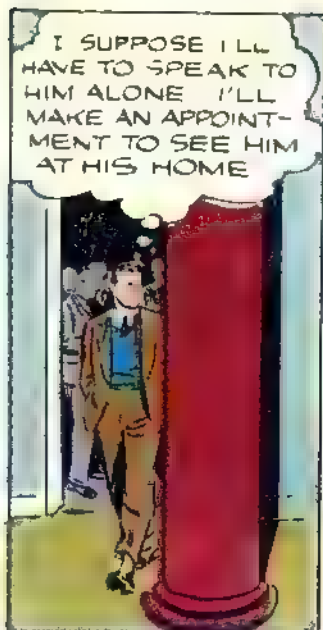
THAT WAS AN EXCELLENT DISCUSSION, MR. VANDERLOOT! HOWEVER, I'D LIKE TO ASK ONE QUESTION...

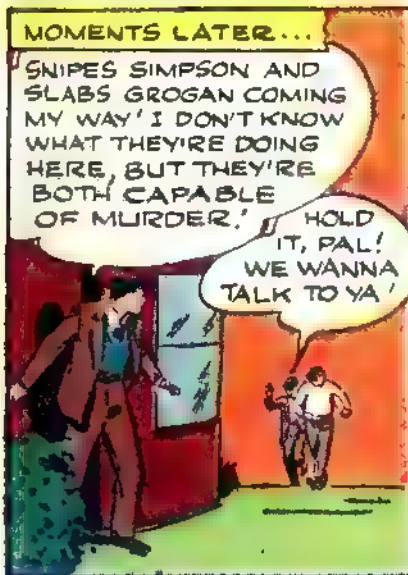
TED ASKS HIS QUESTION, BUT IN ANSWER...

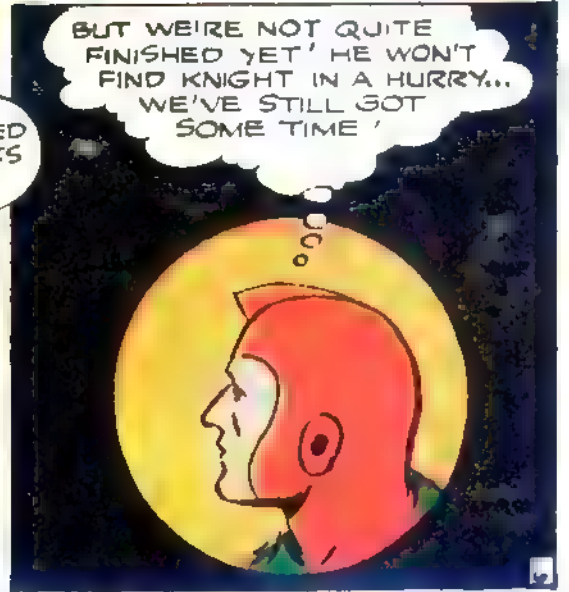
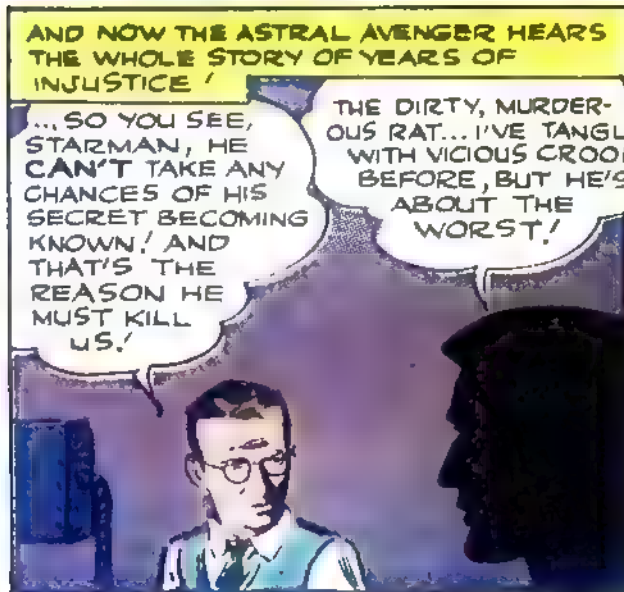
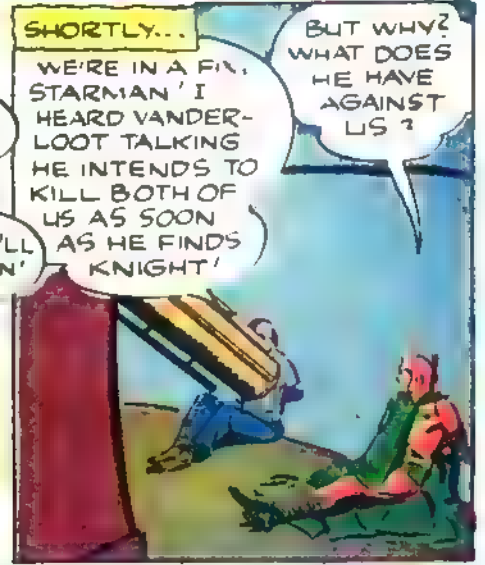
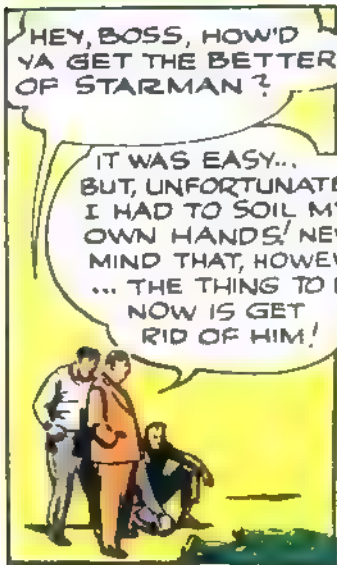
HMM, IN DISCUSSING STARS OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE, WE MUST REMEMBER THAT WHITE DWARFS. I MEAN, RED GIANTS... ER, EXCUSE ME, I'LL HAVE TO CONSULT MY NOTES!

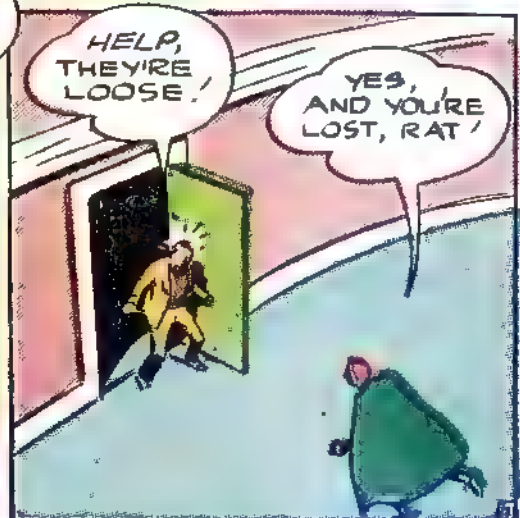
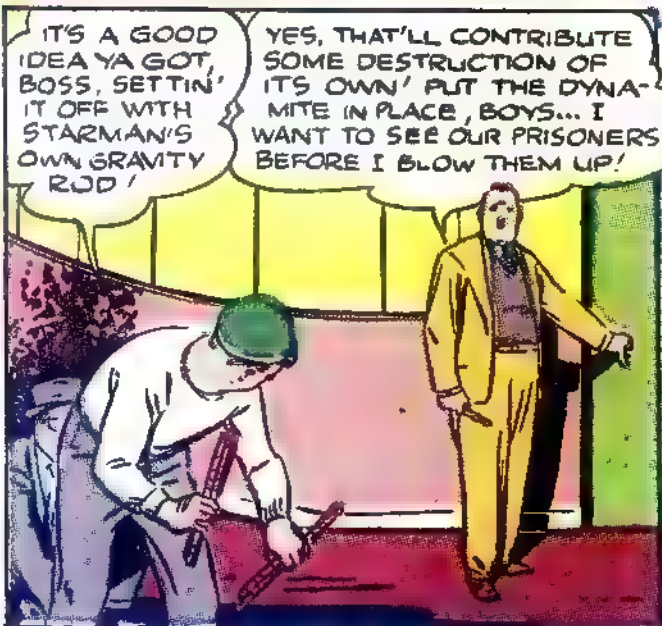
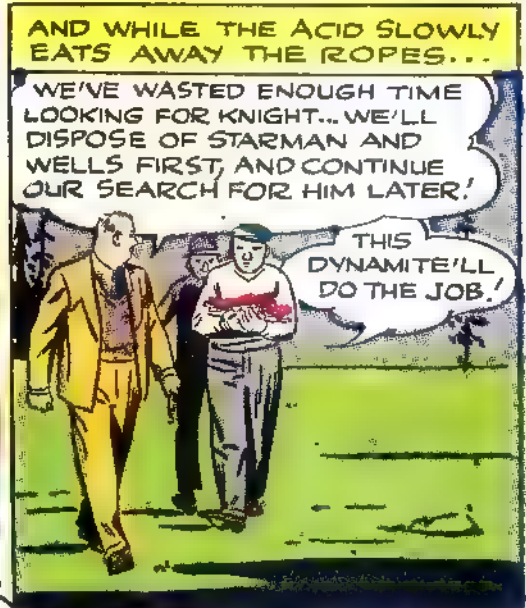
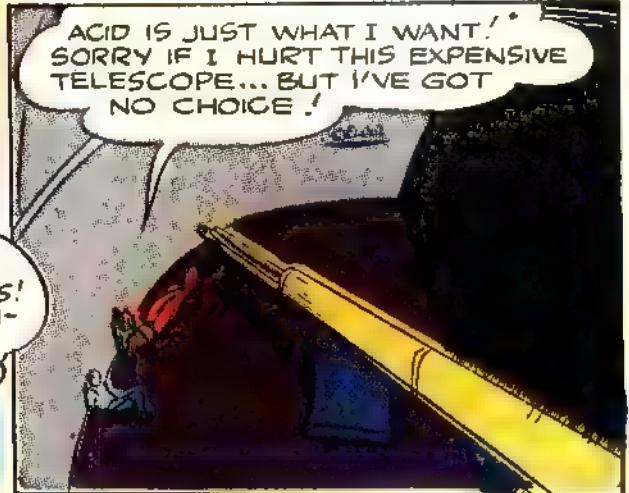
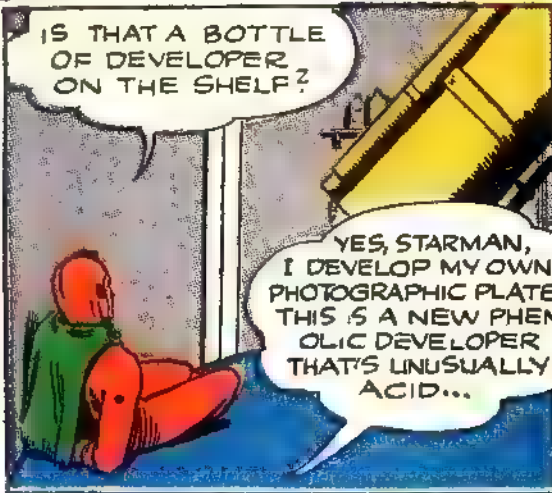
THAT'S STRANGE!

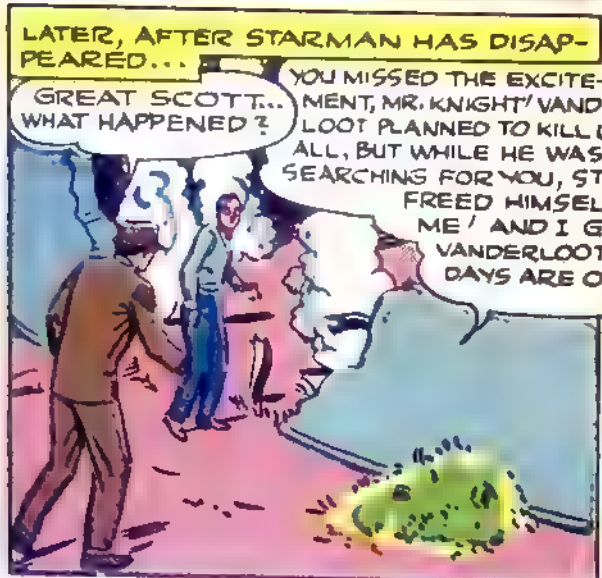
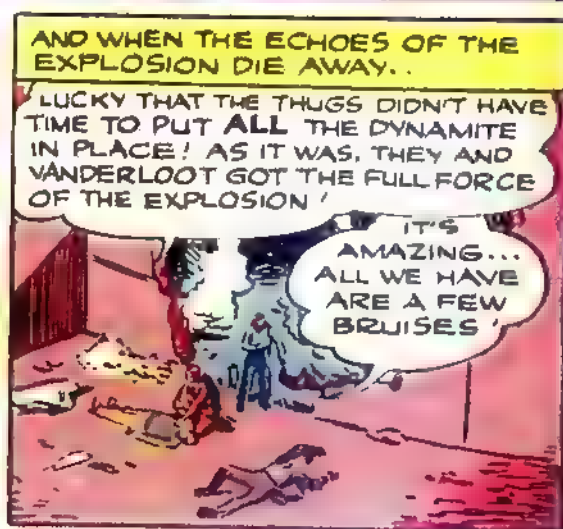
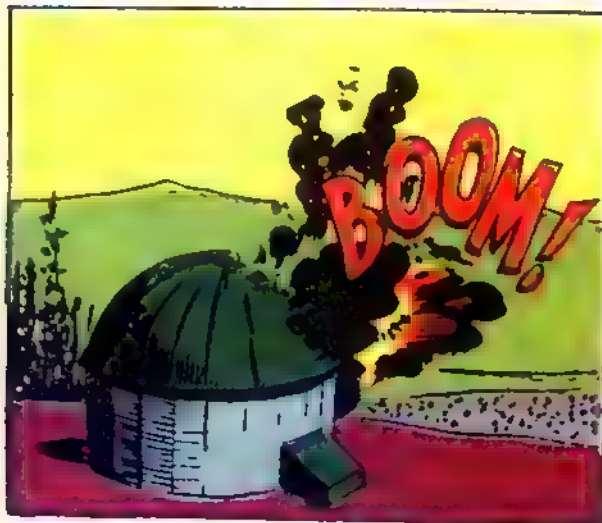
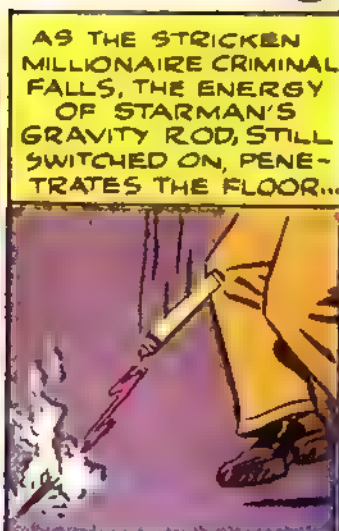
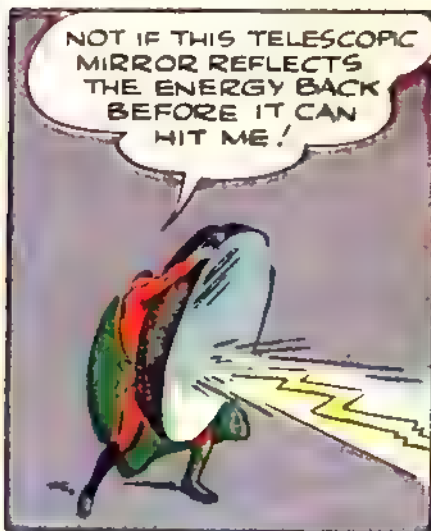
HIS PREPARED LECTURE WAS EXCELLENT, BUT THE MINUTE HE TRIES TO SPEAK WITHOUT NOTES, HE'S AT A LOSS! GUESS HE MUST BE NERVOUS!











MAD MONEY

by Eddie Bell

ONE of the boys in stir had tipped off Slick Walden about the Widow Barlow. The stir-bum who had offered the invitation was doing life, so the information would have done him no good. "I was going to go through that house like a vacuum cleaner," he had told Slick, regretfully. "It was my next job. But I got in this fight, and now you see where I am."

Slick had a sense of humor. He said he saw. "And you don't belong here, Brownie," he added. "They can't do that to you."

Brownie shook his head. "You are right, Slick," he returned, dolefully, "they can't."

This Brownie liked to talk. He had a good eye for detail, too. And he told Slick much—the layout of the house, the way it was not patrolled by police, how the old lady lived alone with nothing but a radio and memories to keep her company. "That house of hers is loaded with pictures of her late husband, Grubstake Barlow," Brownie disclosed. "He hit a good vein out in the west years ago. A lot of that dough is still in the house."

"How do you know?"

"The old lady always paid her bills with cash. She didn't trust banks and neither did her husband, from what I could rake up. Seems a bank was held up once and Grubstake's dough was in it. 'Course, he got it back from the bank, but the scare was plenty for him."

Slick had laughed. "It looks like an easy touch. But it seems to me I heard something about people like this Widow Barlow not keeping money in the house. That often happens."

"Not this time, brother. I know where it is!"

"What?" It was difficult to believe.

Slick had writhed while Brownie played his trump card. "I don't mind telling you about

this, Slick, and letting you do the job. But you're gonna have to look for the cache, unless you kick back to me. I can spend dough around here, you know." Wistfully, Brownie had added. "There might even be enough to get me a good mouth-piece."

"Never mind that now. I'll kick in, and you know Slick's word is good. Where's the dough?"

Brownie had told him then. How he had been casing the house and struck a friendship with a kid who ran errands for the Widow. He had learned from the kid about the chest in the cellar. "A treasure chest," the boy had said excitedly, "and filled with stacks of money. I know, 'cause I peeked and saw her looking at it." Wide-eyed, he had added: "There were a lot of bonds there, too."

Slick had added. "She probably gets money from bonds. Whew, I'll bet there's plenty."

With dreams of wealth to come in his mind, the days of Slick's sentence passed slowly. He was tortured constantly with the thought that something might happen to the Widow. Brownie had said she was quite old and feeble. What if she died, and some relative inherited the money?

Slick used to wake up, bathed in cold perspiration, from dreams like this.

But at last his time was served. He went into the Warden and listened to the usual lecture. Then he set out for a grubstake to pull the job.

He had friends, and they didn't let him down. It took two weeks to get everything in order, a sunlamp wiped the prison pallor from his face, new clothes made him the old Slick again, and a conservative but powerful black-bodied car put him right on top of the world. And took him to Carton.

Carton was one of those little towns that just seemed to breathe happily always. It was quiet and peaceful, with two white-shingled churches. Elms and maples lined the residential streets, and the Main Street had shops in excellent and simple taste. Slick was very happy to discover the town boasted only a Sheriff.

On the trip down from the city, Slick formulated his plan. He'd case the house for a day or two, then, representing himself as a writer of Western literature, he'd interview the old lady, tell her he wanted to include her late husband, Grubstake, in his book. Once inside, he'd make her talk, or else . . .

He found the house easily enough. It was afternoon, and Slick hid in the thick foliage which surrounded the place, looked over the modest home. He was glad, a moment later, that he had hidden. For the door opened suddenly and a shrill voice cried, "Get out of here, I don't care what you have to . . ."

A man rushed out, holding his hands around his face to ward off the blows being launched at him with a broom. Slick smiled. The old lady was not very tall, but she sure was wiry. And mad.

"That's no place for a salesman to go," he said to himself. "It's a good thing I'm not going to impersonate one."

He hung around a while longer, watched the disgruntled salesman disappear down the road. Then, still chuckling, Slick got into his car and drove twenty-five miles to the nearest city. There, he registered in a hotel, dined, and went to bed. He wanted to be fresh for the morrow's task—and murder, if need be.

For Slick was not squeamish about such things. It lurked behind the bright blue eyes as

(Continued on inside back cover)



GAGS GIGGLES GROANS

NO, NO, LADY! YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO WAVE IT- JUST STAND BY IT!



THEY HAD TO MAKE HIM A SERGEANT- HE CAN'T COUNT HIGHER!



I FOUND AN EGG AND TWO ROBINS IN IT YESTERDAY!



IF IT'S A TAPE-WORM I'M GOING ON A FISHING TRIP!



HM-M! A NEST OF HORNETS!



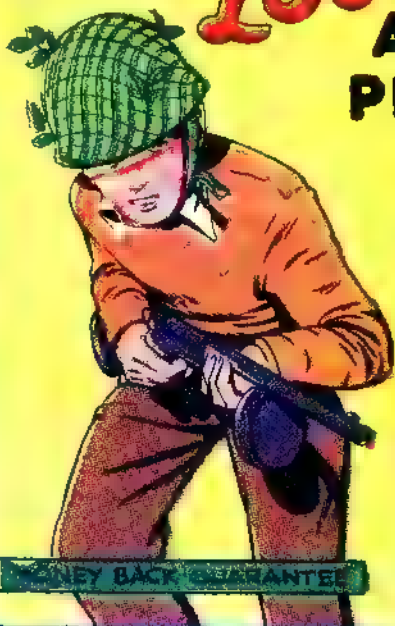
HELP!



WORN BY
COMMANDOS,
PARATROOPERS,
RANGERS
INFANTRYMEN

Look, Fellows..

A REAL U.S. ARMY PLASTIC HELMET!



THAT'S RIGHT! HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO OWN A GENUINE U.S. ARMY PLASTIC HELMET LINER. RELEASED BY OUR GOVERNMENT BECAUSE OF SLIGHT IMPERFECTIONS, THESE TOUGH, RUGGED HELMETS CAN REALLY TAKE IT. COMPLETE WITH ADJUSTABLE HEADBAND AND CHIN STRAP WITH BUCKLES... IN NATURAL CAMOUFLAGE MOTTLED GREEN. SPECIALLY PRICED TO YOU AT \$1.00 EACH YOU -- AND YOUR PALS -- GET YOUR HELMETS RIGHT AWAY!

FREE!
CAMOUFLAGE
NET! DESIGNED
TO FIT OVER HELMET-
HOLDS LEAVES, GRASS,
ETC. FREE WITH EACH
ORDER FOR HELMET!

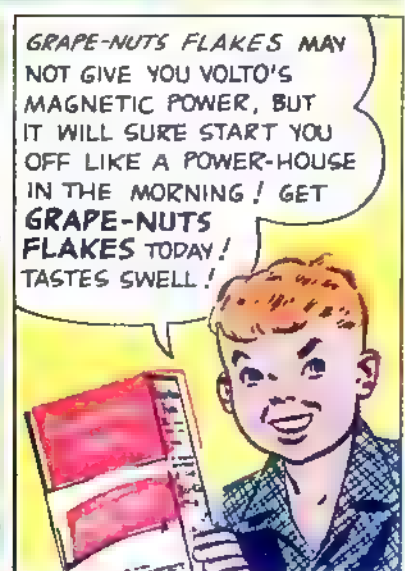
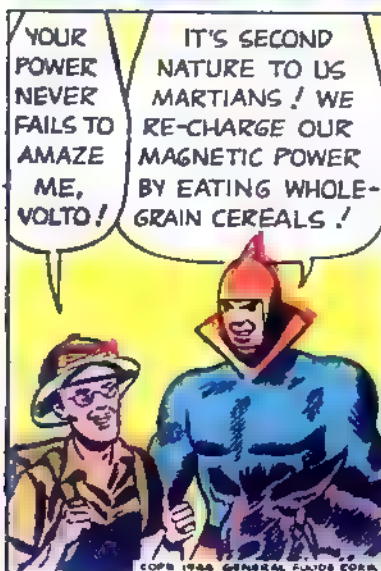
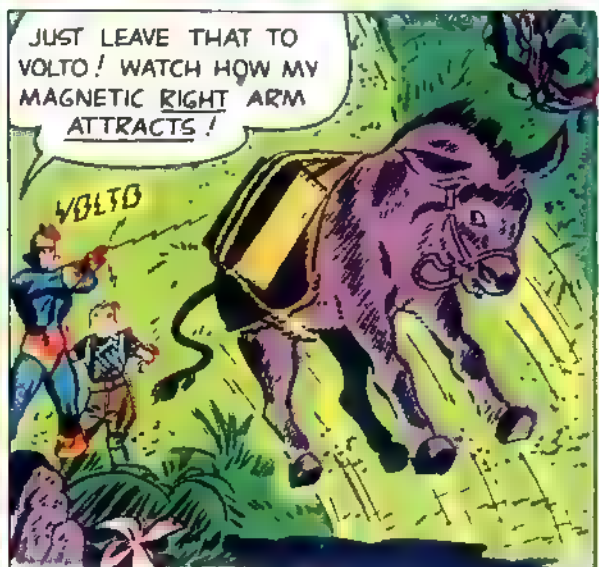
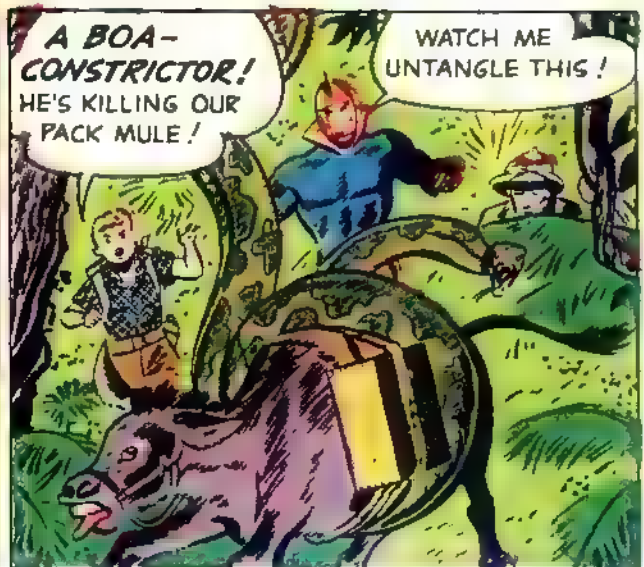
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Elizabeth, New Jersey

Please send me postage prepaid immediately my genuine
plastic U. S. Army helmet and Free Camouflage Net. I enclose \$.00.

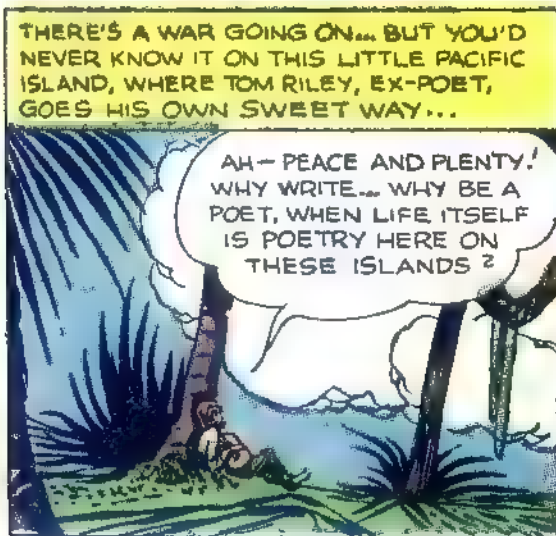
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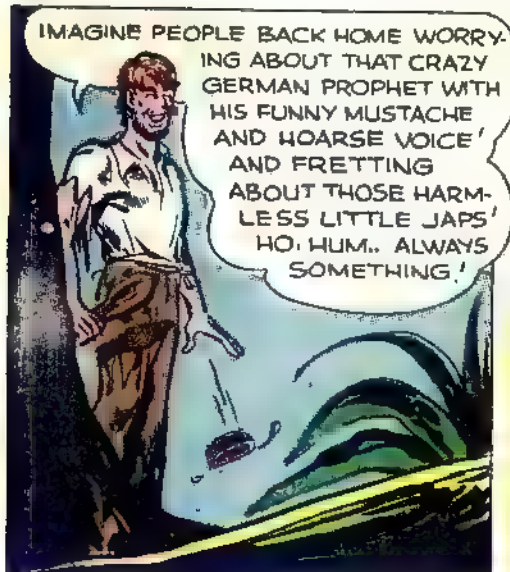
Address.....

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE



TUNE IN **HOP HARRIGAN** BLUE NETWORK MON. THRU FRI.





IMAGINE PEOPLE BACK HOME WORRY-
ING ABOUT THAT CRAZY
GERMAN PROPHET WITH
HIS FUNNY MUSTACHE
AND HOARSE VOICE
AND FRETTING
ABOUT THOSE HARM-
LESS LITTLE JAPS!
HO, HUM.. ALWAYS
SOMETHING!



AS FOR ME, I
WORRY ABOUT
NOTHING! AND
WHY SHOULD
I? WHEN I'M
HUNGRY I SIMPLY
WALK OVER TO
THE NEAREST
BREADFRUIT
TREE AND
DINE!

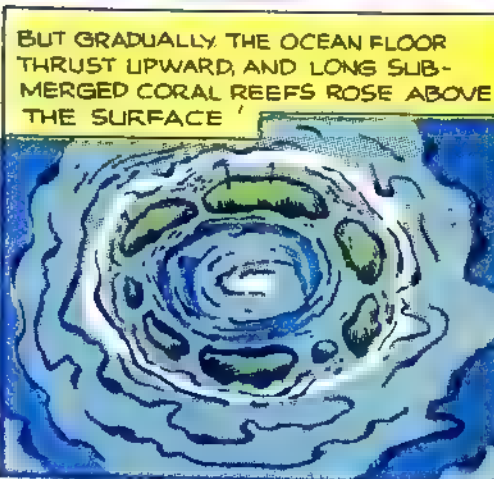
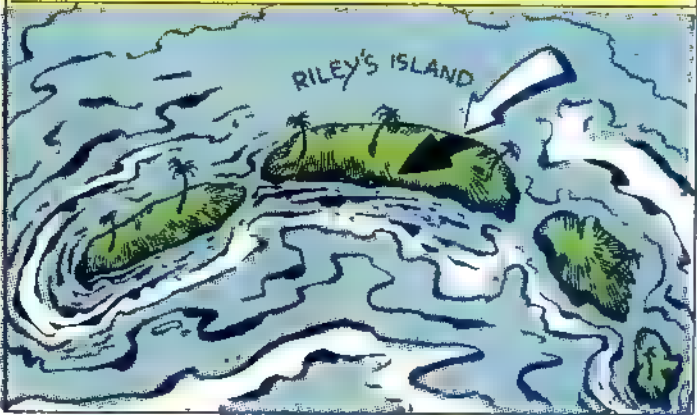


WHAT'S THIS... MY CUP-
BOARD BARE? WELL, THEN
I TRY ANOTHER TREE IN
NATURE'S BOUNTIFUL
LARDER!

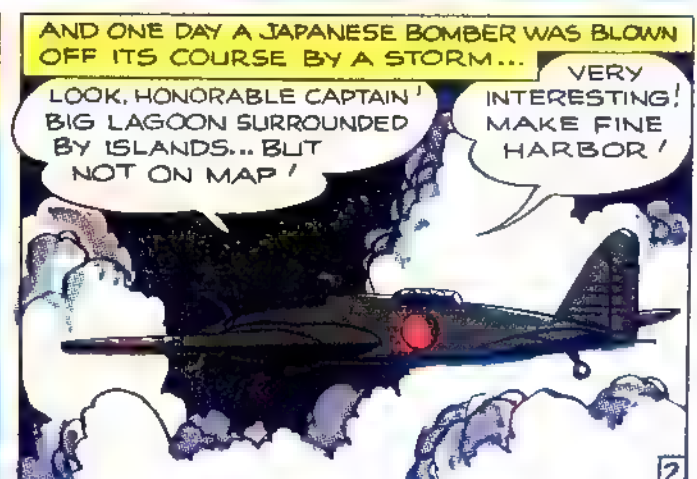


EXTRORDINARY... NOT A BREAD-
FRUIT IN THE PLACE! **BOTHER!**
NOW I'LL HAVE TO SWIM
OVER
TO THE NEXT ISLAND!

AS INDOLENT TOM RILEY STARTS HIS SWIM, HE
LITTLE SUSPECTS THAT CERTAIN CHANGES IN THE
PAST FEW WEEKS HAVE DRASTICALLY ALTERED
HIS ISLAND HOME! IN FORMER DAYS, THE LITTLE
GROUP OF ISLETS FORMED A SEMI-CIRCLE...



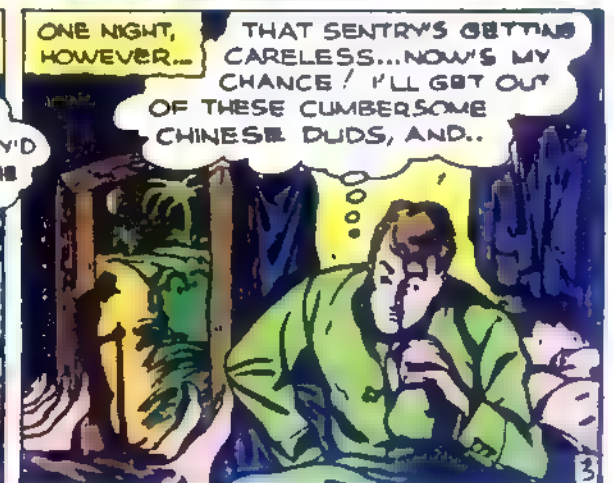
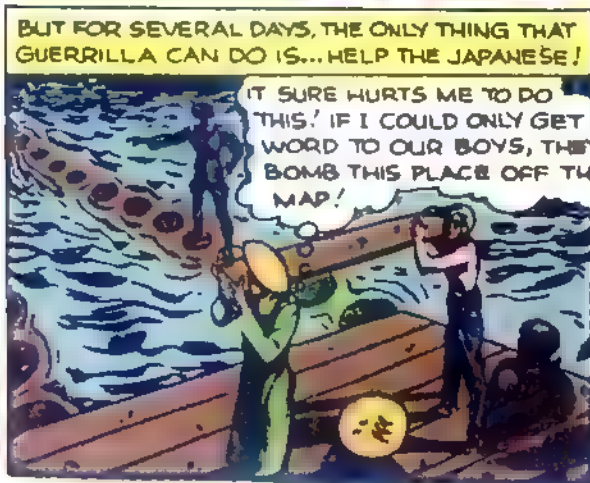
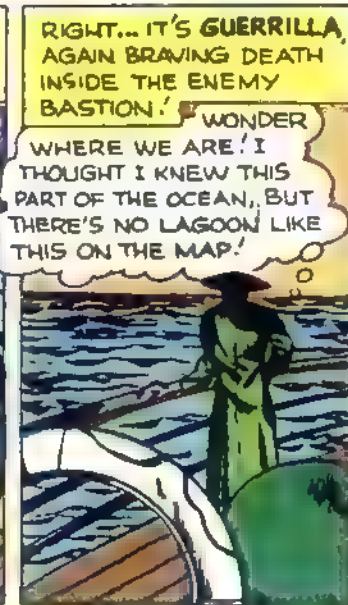
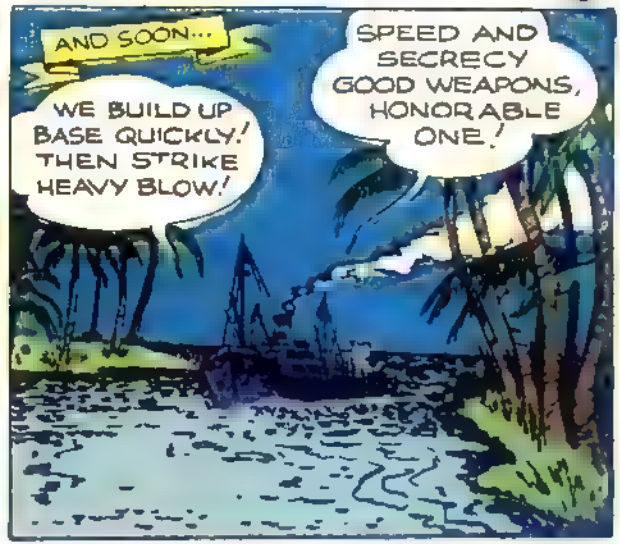
BUT GRADUALLY THE OCEAN FLOOR
THRUST UPWARD, AND LONG SLIB-
MERGED CORAL REEFS ROSE ABOVE
THE SURFACE!

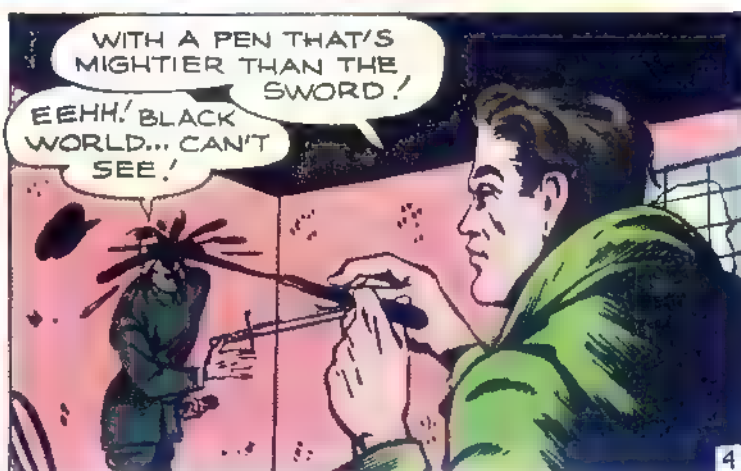


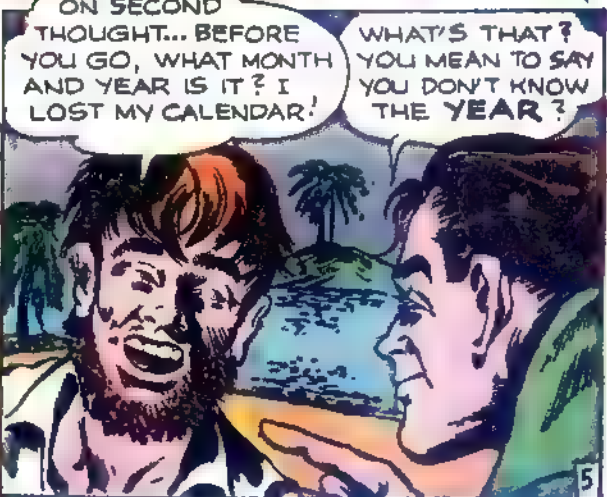
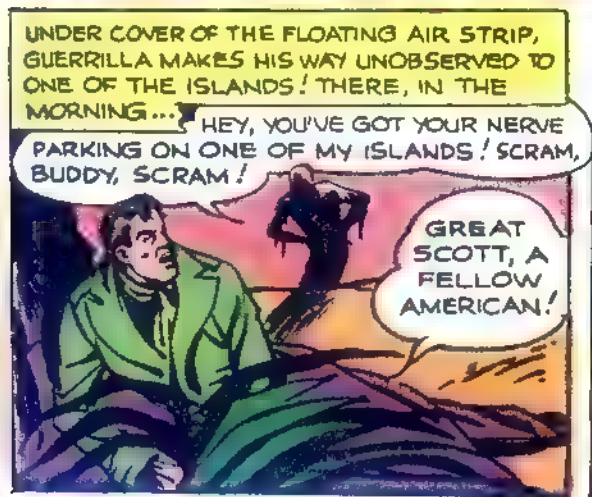
AND ONE DAY A JAPANESE BOMBER WAS BLOWN
OFF ITS COURSE BY A STORM...

LOOK, HONORABLE CAPTAIN!
BIG LAGOON SURROUNDED
BY ISLANDS... BUT
NOT ON MAP!

VERY
INTERESTING!
MAKE FINE
HARBOR!



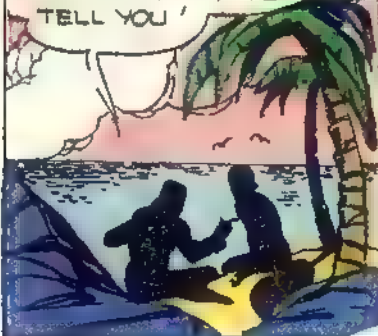






AS THE POET REVEALS HIS WHOLE AMAZING STORY...

SO YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW WHETHER THAT CRAZY MAN WITH THE FUNNY MUSTACHE EVER CAUSED ANY TROUBLE, HUH? OKAY, PAL, I'LL TELL YOU!



GO AHEAD... I'LL HAVE SOME BREAKFAST WHILE YOU TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT!

YOU SEE, MY SELF SATISFIED FRIEND, OUR COUNTRY IS AT WAR!



QUICKLY, GUERRILLA BRINGS TOM RILEY UP TO DATE...

INTERESTING, GUERRILLA! BUT WHAT CONCERNS ME MOST IS THAT FROM NOW ON THIS ATOLL IS GOING TO BE INFESTED WITH PEOPLE!

WHY, YOU INDOLENT SLOTH!



THE WHOLE WORLD'S AFLAME... CIVILIZATION IS AT STAKE, AND WHAT DO YOU WANT-BREADFRUIT AND ANOTHER ISLAND!

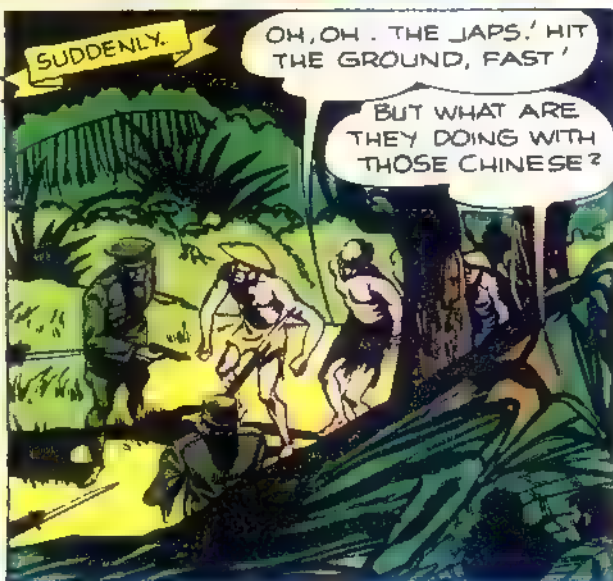
SORRY BUT I DIDN'T CAUSE ANY OF THIS MESS! AND I CAN'T SEE THAT I'M UNDER THE SLIGHTEST OBLIGATION TO GET INTO IT!



SUDDENLY.

OH, OH. THE JAPS! HIT THE GROUND, FAST!

BUT WHAT ARE THEY DOING WITH THOSE CHINESE?

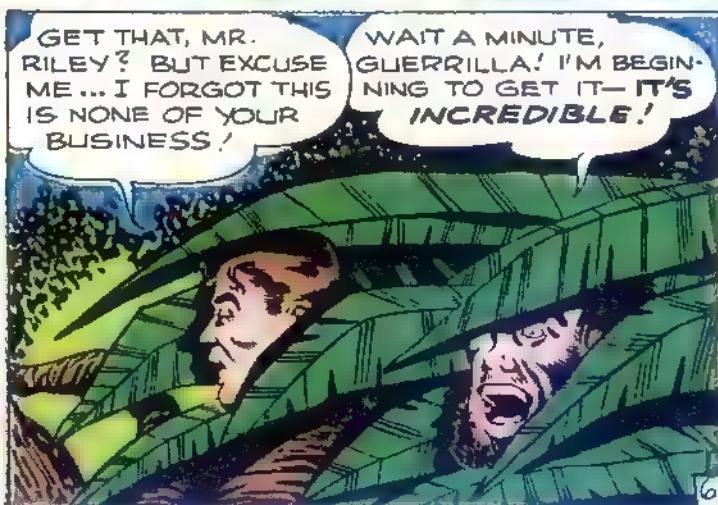


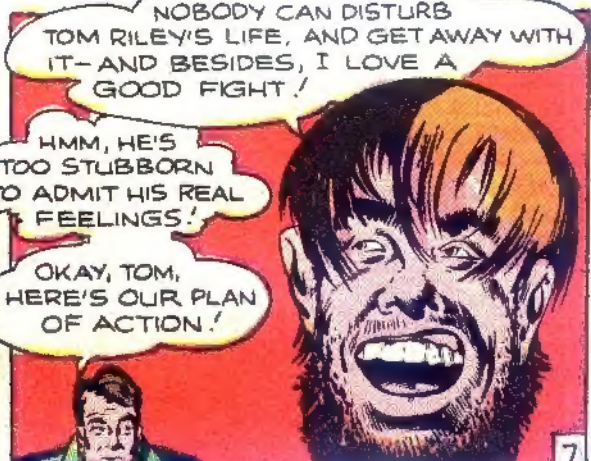
WE FIND GUERRILLA'S CHINESE DISGUISE! SOME OF YOU HAVE HELP HIM... THEREFORE ONE IN EVERY TEN DIE FOR TREASON TO HONORARI F EMPEROR!

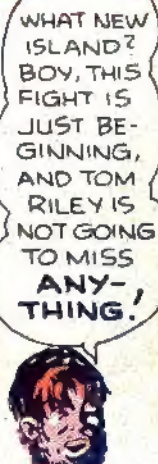
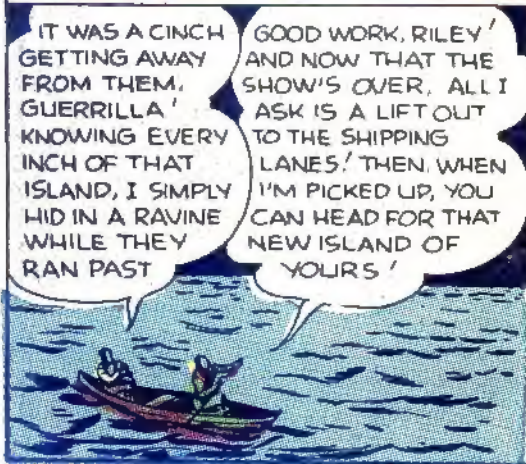
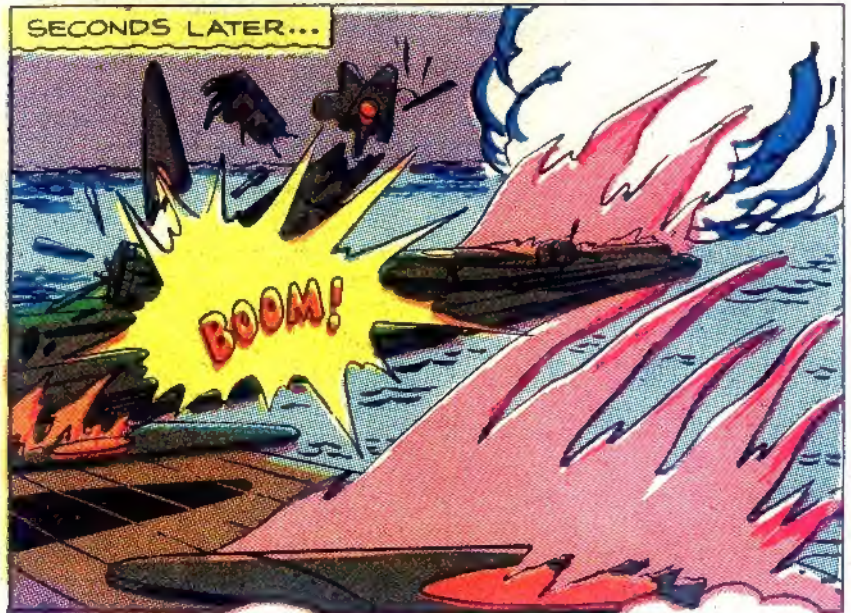
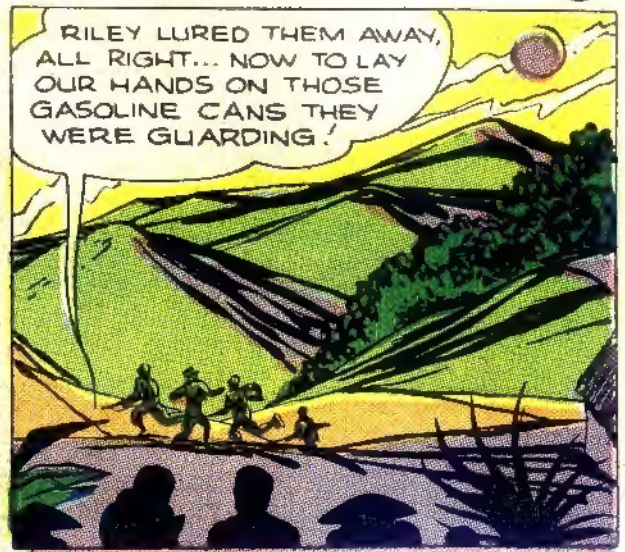


GET THAT, MR. RILEY? BUT EXCUSE ME... I FORGOT THIS IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!

WAIT A MINUTE, GUERRILLA! I'M BEGINNING TO GET IT— IT'S INCREDIBLE!







they looked, next morning into the suspicious face of Widow Barlow.

The old lady snapped: "What do you want? Don't tell me you're after my money, too."

Slick started. The old gal was really balmy, admitting she had money around. Then, he realized she hadn't meant quite that. With a disarming smile, he stated his business.

It worked. "A book writer," the old lady shrilled. "Come in. Come in. I always said Grubstake should have a book written about him." She led the way into a musty library, on the way in, Slick saw that Brownie hadn't been lying. The halls, every room was littered with Western trophies and pictures of the late Grubstake.

"Sit down," said the old lady, indicating an old-fashioned rocker. "I'll get Grubstake's diary. It's in my sewing room." She bustled out, and the minute she did, Slick was up and looking around the room.

There was no door there to the cellar. It would probably be in the kitchen. He'd look, just to make sure. He didn't reckon with the location of the old lady's sewing room. It was next to the kitchen.

She saw him peering down the cellar stairs and immediately became suspicious. Slick saw her, just in time. She was bringing out a shotgun from a closet.

In an instant, his hands were around the frail neck. A slight pressure. She fell to the floor.

He had brought a flashlight with him. The cellar was dingy and dirty. It took Slick five minutes to find the box. It was hidden beneath a section of board floor, which had obviously been laid for the purpose of hiding the fortune.

Feverishly, his fingers worked at the box. He kicked at the rusty lock as his fingers failed to budge it. The lock snapped off, and the next instant Slick was peering at a fortune in currency. He didn't notice in his excitement that the bonds were gone. He could only stare at the neatly stacked bundles of bills, with the color draining fast from his face.

He almost went mad as he saw the fortune in his grasp—that he couldn't touch! For every one of the bills was a yellowback, currency redeemable in gold. But dangerous to have in one's possession, since the nation was off the gold standard. These bills should have been turned in years ago.

With a wild cry, Slick tore at the paper money, scattered it all around. He heard nothing except his own cries of rage. He didn't hear the insistent knocking on the door upstairs, nor the noise when the door was battered in. He just threw money around madly.

That's the way the Sheriff

and the men whom Slick had seen the day before found him. He was still raging when they brought him upstairs to confront the old lady. The Sheriff had revived her.

"You shouldn't oughtta throwed this man out of your house, Widder Barlow," the Sheriff chided, indicating the stranger. "He's from the Government."

"A Treasury agent,, Mrs. Barlow," the stranger explained gently. "Your bank asked me to investigate after you cashed in your bonds and made the strange request that the money be paid you in yellowbacks because you didn't want to have anything more to do with green bills. I only wanted to tell you, yesterday, that yellowbacks are illegal to possess and that you'd have to turn them in for other currency. That's why I brought your friend, the Sheriff, back with me today."

The Sheriff grunted, tugged at Slick's shoulder. "Good thing we come when we did, Widder Barlow," he said. "This crook mighta got all your money. From now on, Widder, you're gonna have to put it in a bank."

The old lady didn't answer him. She was looking at Slick and saying: "Did I show you the pictures of Grubstake on the Yukon Trail?"

But all Slick could say was, "Yellowbacks. Yellowbacks!" He was quite mad, too!



NOT TO BE REPEATED!

Remember this about anything that concerns our armed forces or our war production:

If you HEAR it from someone . . . don't repeat it!

If you SEE it yourself . . . don't repeat it!

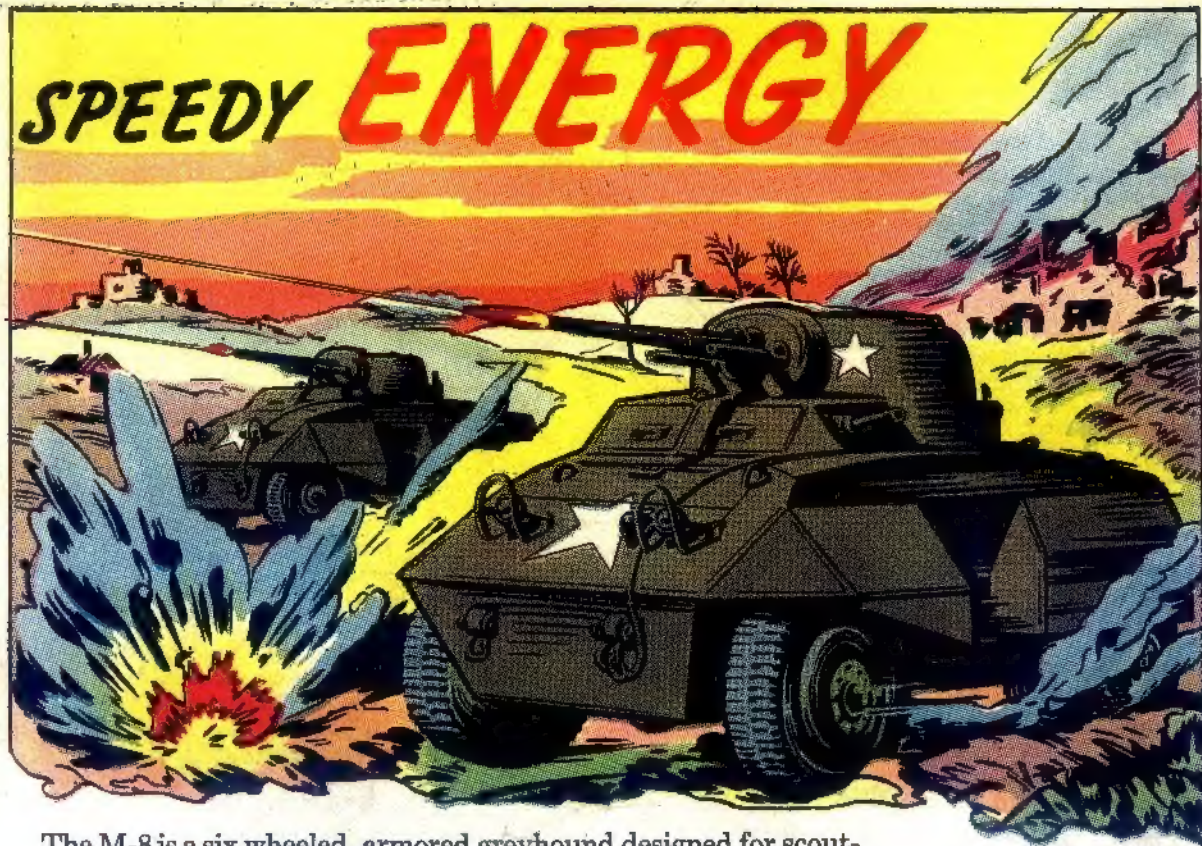
If you read it in personal letters . . . don't repeat it!

What you privately hear, see, or read may not seem important to you. But Axis agents piece together big military secrets from many little scraps of conversation overheard all over our country.

You may safely repeat *only* information you read in newspapers and magazines, or hear on the radio.

The life of someone dear to you may be at stake. Think *before* you talk!

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The M-8 is a six wheeled, armored greyhound designed for scouting and long range cruising at high speed. Carrying a 37 mm. anti-tank gun and machine gun, the M-8—with ENERGY derived from a powerful motor, can outrun everything it can't outshoot.

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